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Vol. CLXXX
No. 2355
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MARCH 10
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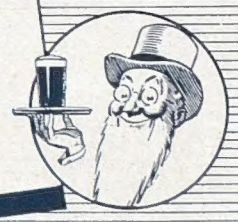

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Volume CLXXX No. 2355 The SPHERE, London, March 10, 1945

THE SPHERE
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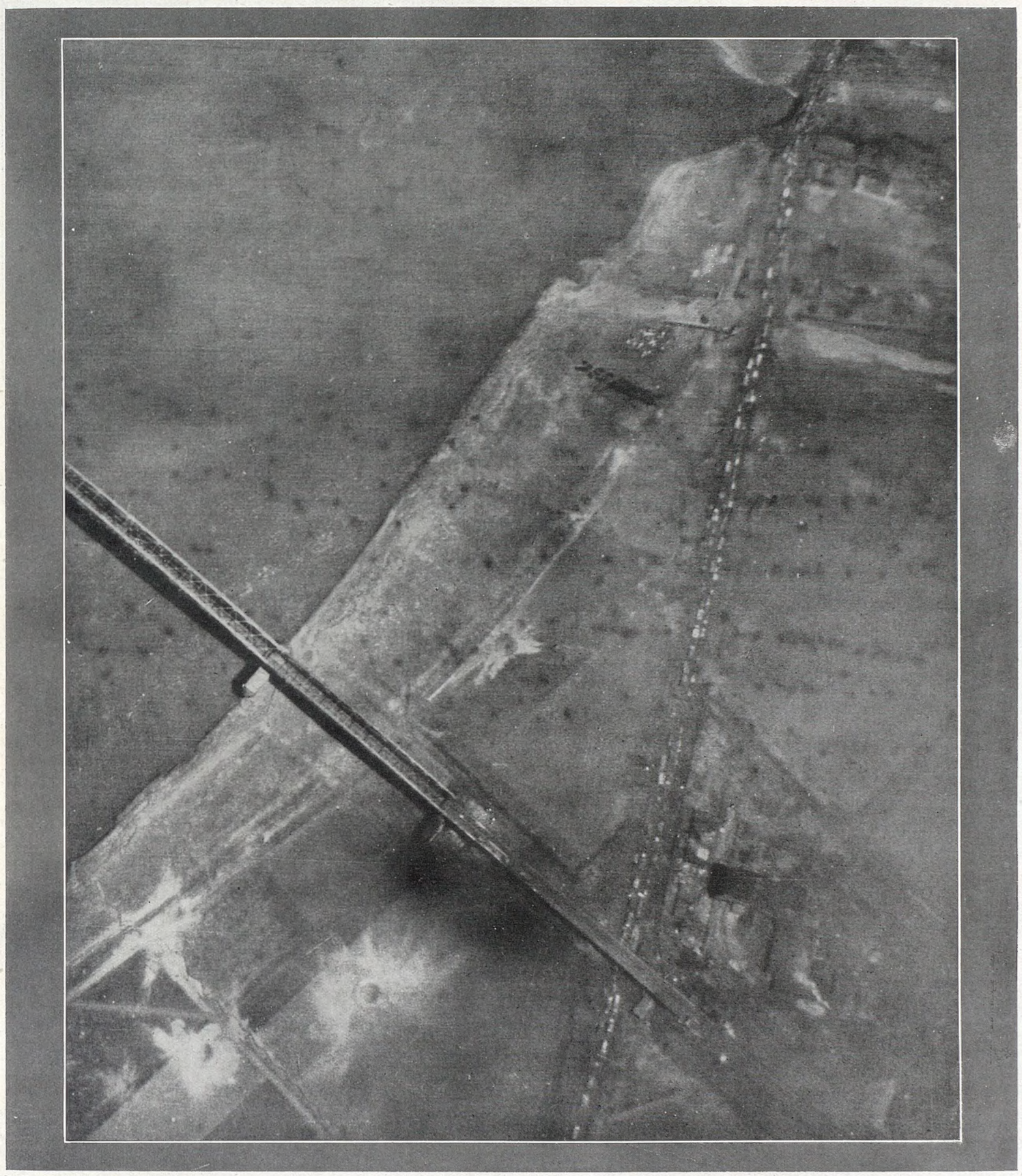
The Empire's Illustrated Weekly



THE GERMANS RETREAT BEYOND THE RHINE: THE SCENE ALONG THE WEST BANK OF THE RIVER—a night reconnaissance picture, taken by a Mosquito aircraft, which shows a double line of German vehicles passing under the rail viaduct from the Duisburg-Beck bridge on their way to cross the Rhine at the more southerly Duisburg-Homberg road bridge *(Picture taken on the night of March 3-4)*

When the Germans tried to retreat from the Falaise Gap in Normandy, they found that they had delayed matters too long—all the roads and bridges leading to the east had been cut by the Allied Air Forces. They have evidently determined not to be caught in the same disastrous fashion west of the River Rhine. As town after town of great importance was falling to the British, American and Canadian Armies, the Germans were frantically retreating across the great river as hard as they could go. Reconnaissance pictures have revealed that—mainly by night—great convoys, head to tail and sometimes in double and treble one-way lines, have been moving eastwards to cross the bridges whilst yet there is time to avoid encirclement and "killing areas." Some of these traffic streams have been miles in length. When the main bodies of the retreating enemy have reached the temporary security of the east bank, the Germans have then blown up the bridges spanning the River Rhine. What the scene on the crowded river roads is like by night this reconnaissance picture, taken on the night of March 3-4, shows

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A WAR NEWSLETTER —No. 288

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A Month of Progress.—

The past month of fine, drying weather has enabled all concerned at home and abroad, on field and battlefield, in Parliaments and headquarters, to issue satisfactory progress reports. Yalta is behind us. The British nation has (as best it may) shown itself solid behind its Premier, while preserving its inalienable right—or so much of that right as war conditions leave it—to differ fundamentally on details, and to say so boldly. All that is good. Good too that the aftermath of Yalta has not revealed serious differences in the announced solidarity of the Big Three. Nothing Mr. Churchill said, nothing Mr. Roosevelt said, nothing spoken in our Parliament or written in the Russian Press, seriously challenged the broad fact that those three men *pooled* their often-different views in a reasonable compromise which they mean to stick to, if their peoples will let them do so; mean to honour as honourable men honour their signatures on a cheque. The Yalta "findings" may not be perfection. But where is perfection? Not in Babel, not in Europe, not in civilisation. In the field, it has been good weather for sowing; on the battlefield even good enough for reaping. Eisenhower has already in the west garnered much of his promised harvest; he is some way on the road to holding the west bank of the Rhine and neutralising a score of vital industrial cities and centres. And in the east the reapers are massed and in some sectors hard at work. The war is very near the heart of Germany, and that heart is pinched in the grip of death. Even Goebbels can now only "babble of green fields," which exist only in a remorse-tortured imagination; though none can deny that the little father of lies kept his guts to the last. And still he is not alone in sticking power. But the crack is visible to all the world and widens every hour. The "hard pounding, gentlemen," is showing results, and soon enough now suicide, assassination or the gallows will emasculate the gang which, playing on the weakness and selfishness of all mankind, planned and carried out the long series of nameless crimes which plunged a world in blood and darkness and suffering unparalleled in the sombre records of humanity.

The Great Debate.—

If the Yalta Conference was one of the most important held in our time, the debate in the House upon it should have been one of the most important in our time at Westminster. Perhaps it was so. I doubt not Mr. Churchill's speech was even finer to hear than to read. I did not hear it. I heard excerpts from it and read it entire. It is fair to say that neither conference nor debate sprang surprises on anyone. Neither evoked the fullest passions of which political man is capable. After six years of war we have come to realise how essential compromise is, in national and international questions, and how the events of to-day may override the theories of honour of yesterday. I sometimes think it were better ruefully to acknowledge this truth than to waste words of special pleading in justification of changed views or contradictory decisions. The consistent man never yet lived. He was born . . . dead. The greatness of the Premier has for some years reduced the stature of Parliament. Truly representative Government can owe no allegiance to any leader; the House and country owe to Mr. Churchill such a debt of gratitude that must at least half-muzzle honestly-held opinions which run counter to his latest convictions. Yet he knows far more than any other member of the House of what must be, and what cannot be, among allies in a death struggle. These locked secrets give him his prestige and must reduce the scale of freedom of opinion, in its expression, and to some extent adversely affect the ideal of representative Government. Well, most of us *on the whole* accepted freely a *pro tem.* dictatorship in this crisis of our history, and continue to be thankful that ours is benevolent, humane, selfless, temperate and wise, as well as efficient, practical and far-sighted. It might have been otherwise . . . and still may be one day.

Petrol—and Bureaucracy.

—We must be burning petrol to-day for war necessity as never before. Available stocks must be conserved. Waste must be prevented. I know it. Nevertheless, this petrol business creates a dilemma ahead, and many a "headache" to-day. A dilemma ahead. If, indeed, one of our most important peacetime industries is to switch over to production easily and swiftly when peace comes (I refer to the motor-car industry), much will depend on whether there will be in this country a motor-minded public of buyers. The forms and the cheese-paring, necessary evils, have made most people loathe the name of motor-car. Have those necessary evils been overdone? Of all offences which a magistrate is called on to try, he most detests summonses for misuse of supplementary petrol. The penalties are stepped very high. Is any initiative left to the licensee to decide how he can use his coupons supplied for each named purpose most economically for the good of the State? That is never made clear by prosecuting counsel. No applicant, however long he has rendered his periodic application, is ever accepted as of proven honesty. Always he must start again as a suspect and a humble petitioner. The police prosecutions too often suggest "snooping" and Gestapo methods. It is seldom remembered by bureaucracy that the "use of public conveyances" in many rural areas, where there is no railway and only a two-hourly bus service, means for a fully-employed professional man the loss of a day's work to reach his county town on legitimate, volunteer State business, whereas he can do the job by car in two or three hours. A decent farmer is summonsed for leaving his car outside a pub, or deviating half a mile to reach a pub. But what other "business office" has the average small farmer but a tap-room in which he makes his dates for his neighbour's bull or tractor? You would have supposed that after five years a responsible farmer or magistrate who has regularly rendered his applications to his Fuel Division might be accepted as honourable, and be suffered to apply shortly: "identical duties: identical number of gallons for new period." But, no. To bureaucracy every petrol user is guilty unless he can prove himself innocent. Small wonder if we all loathe the names of Fuel Controller and of motor-cars and do our war work under a sense of grievance. No authority can ever work efficiently which will recognise *no* member of the public as honest and responsible and capable of sound decisions. "Trust nobody" is wartime bureaucracy's slogan, and a worse one I never heard. There are more honest men than rogues in England even now. If one thing remains to me as a certainty in human affairs it is this: bureaucracy in its obsession with *forms*, in its philo-progeniture of forms, in its elaboration of safeguards against dishonesty, in its blind suspicion of every citizen it is paid to serve, handles and fosters the seeds of its own certain destruction. One day we shall rise as a nation in our wrath and emasculate it, as we shall emasculate Hitler's gang. To-day it is striving to get control of every free institution in this country.

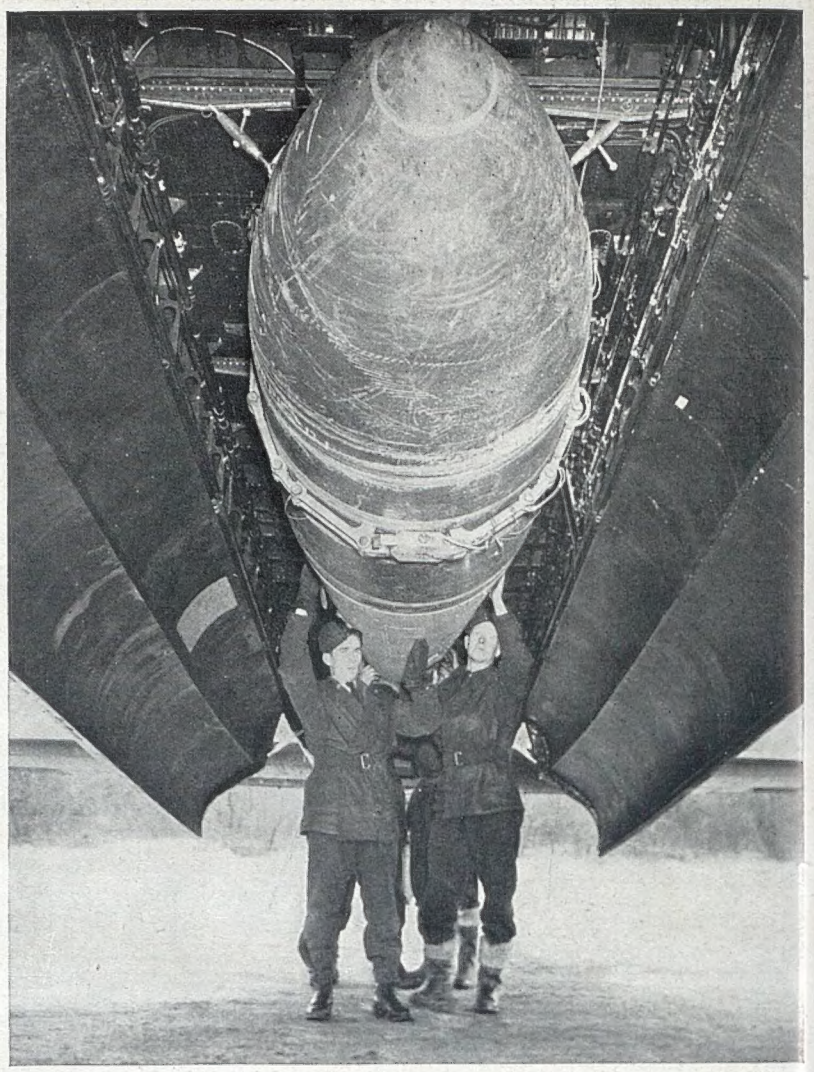
Reforming the Bench.—

I am one of those who think that sheer lunacy in matters of finance has long since beset all statesmen in this country. It is an accepted truth in our new Bedlam that we can now and still afford *any* national expenditure, to be derived from rates and taxes (for the State is a beggar, supported by "voluntary" contributions); and the higher the cost, the wiser the proposed reform. Take the Roche Report, which proposes to rationalise and reform the whole system of clerks to the Justices, and to replace part-timers by whole-time clerks at £1,500 to £2,000 a year. How do we in England go to work on these "crying reforms"? When a fine, useful and economical system breaks down in one section, we do not endeavour to repair the isolated breach. We scrap the whole system and build anew from the foundations. One Petty Sessional division may be saddled with an octogenarian chairman. He makes a bloomer, an act of injustice is caused. It becomes a scandal. The public raises catcalls. The Government is frightened It sets up a Commission. The Commission issues a report. The isolated instance is prejudged as a proof that the whole system is rotten, and the report sets out plans for a root-and-branch reform. It never occurs to anyone concerned that the isolated instance may be an *exception* to the rule and that the removal of the octogenarian may be the best, as it is the cheapest, way of putting matters right. Under the Roche Report, contiguous Petty Sessional divisions are to be pooled under a highly-salaried, full-time Justices' clerk. The part-time local solicitors, who have usually done the job so well, are to be paid off and compensated, and the new man is to preside over an area of 25 miles' radius. The plan and report take no note at all of how well, how long, how cheaply, the old system has worked generally. It takes no note of how essentially personal in rural areas are the clerk's relations with his magistrates and the country folk concerned, especially in juvenile delinquency. The new wizard, living 25 miles away from one of his courts, cannot keep up this personal touch, arrange substitutes for the roster of magistrates, answer the conundrums of counsel and parents, arrange emergency courts, obtain signatures for forms and depositions—in short, do the job, as it *must* be done, save only in court on the day of the Sessions, which is only a small part of the job of the Justices' clerk. And the great reform will cost the nation just as dearly in money (which does not exist except in hopeful imagination). And—to make things worse—this is one more proof of bureaucracy's stranglehold. It is an attempt to get under the control of bureaucracy one of our few remaining pure, free and great institutions, our system of judicature.

Cold Feet.—

I have tried to deal with the mole-catchers by epitomising their combined wisdom. Now the cold-feet sufferers are asking for the same treatment. And, it seems, there are very many. I am told that a prime cause is uric acid in the blood stream. One cure for cold feet (and most human ills) is to lie quite often on your tummy and/or to exercise yourself in an attitude of prayer at frequent intervals (and while doing so, you may as well pray!). Others say, powder your feet, never wear socks for more than two days unwashed, dry them frequently. Apply whisky externally (what a waste! And this from Scotland too!) Wrap your feet in newspaper, in silk socks under woollen, wear anklet socks or spats. Myself, I have found a cure in wooden clogs, lined with felt, over anklet socks. Clogs are hard to get used to, but I believe they can be bought with hinged soles which make them easier to walk in. For gardening they are sheer foot-joy in winter or wet weather. But not in snow. Snow *balls* on them until you find yourself 7-ft. tall. But they do give you warm feet. Cold comfort, I fear; but summer is a-coming in, and your *sole's* awakening is not far off.

THE OLD STAGER



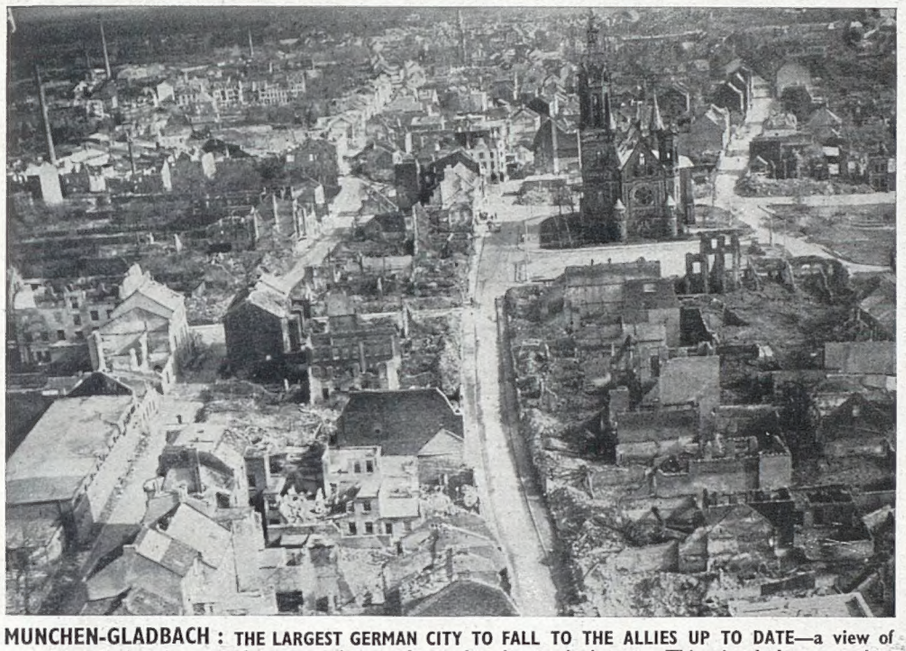
A TERRIBLE WEAPON OF DESTRUCTION: The 12,000-lb. armour-piercing bomb now being used by the R.A.F. on German targets. This great missile has been used for some time by the R.A.F. against such difficult targets in Occupied Europe as concreted U-boat pens, V-bomb storage caves deep underground, fortifications, canals, etc. It is now being used against selected objectives in the Reich itself. The above is one of the first pictures to be reproduced showing how the colossal bomb is accommodated within the bay of a Lancaster aircraft

THE CAPTURED GERMAN TOWNS

ON THE WEST BANK OF THE RHINE

KREFELD, JUST BEFORE ITS OCCUPATION ON MARCH 2, as seen from a low-flying R.A.F. photographic plane. This great industrial city was a frequent target for Bomber Command aircraft before its capture. Continuous attacks from the air have reduced it to an empty shell, with its residential areas forming a thin outer wall round the bomb-flattened and burnt-out industrial factory districts

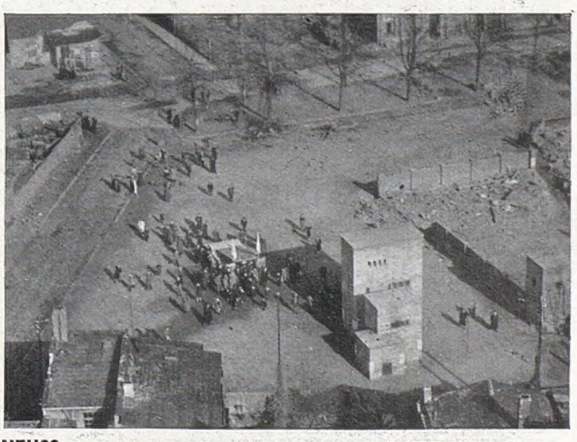
BITBURG: OCCUPIED BY TROOPS OF THE FIFTH INFANTRY DIVISION OF THE THIRD U.S. ARMY. This important road centre fell to the Allies with comparative ease, only slight German resistance being encountered. Heavy Allied bombardments and fire from the retreating Germans inflicted severe damage on the town



MUNCHEN-GLADBACH: THE LARGEST GERMAN CITY TO FALL TO THE ALLIES UP TO DATE—a view of one of the devastated areas, where only a church stands intact. This city had a peacetime population of 200,000: it was captured by the U.S. Ninth Army, whose 29th Division were the first to enter. Munchen-Gladbach was for long a high-priority target for the R.A.F. and, in consequence, whole areas have been totally devastated. This picture was taken from a low-flying R.A.F. plane

TRIER, THE OLDEST GERMAN CITY: A light tank of the Tenth Armoured Division, U.S. Third Army, in one of the city streets. Many of the historic buildings now lie in ruins, while two-thirds of the city have been completely wiped out. Many of the civilians had fled before the Allied entry: those remaining surrendered—as did hundreds of German soldiers who had been left behind to put up a defence

CALCAR, THE "GHOST CITY," after the Germans had moved out, but before Canadian troops had moved in. After facing stiff resistance by the Germans in the Calcar-Udem sector, troops of the First Canadian Army found no opposition in the town of Calcar itself when they entered. The Germans had fled before the Canadian outflanking movement had been completed



NEUSS—THE WEST BANK SUBURB OF DUSSELDORF: German civilians in the Market Square of the town gather together under white flags, while German troops were still resisting from warehouses and cellars. Across the river from Neuss lies the big city of Dusseldorf, one of the most important of German industrial centres

SCENES DURING the BIG OFFENSIVE

The Combined Onslaught by the British, Canadian and American Armies Across the Siegfried Line

BRITISH TROOPS ENTER UDEM ON GENERAL CRERAR'S CANADIAN SECTOR: After a break-through between Calcar and Udem, the latter town was occupied during the evening of February 26. This picture was taken as the first British troops to enter on foot filed in the next morning for mopping-up operations, whilst the main body was advancing in a south-easterly direction beyond the town. Udem was taken by storm, across an anti-tank ditch, and the house from which the German road mines should have been exploded was captured. The Germans were "flushed out" of cellars at the bayonet's point in mopping-up operations

AMERICAN TANKS AND INFANTRY PUSH ALONG A NARROW ROAD, through the German town of Rittersdorf on the way to Bitburg: This town lies on the east bank of the Nims River: across it, the heights overlooking Bitburg were captured. The latter controls a network of ten roads and links up with Wittlich, north of the Moselle. Only slight enemy resistance was reported up to this point, and the American casualties were reported to be exceptionally light, with the proportion of killed to wounded considerably below the average

DUREN, THE FORTRESS TOWN, AFTER ITS CAPTURE BY THE 104TH DIVISION OF GENERAL HODGES' FIRST U.S. ARMY: A view from the air showing how the Allied Air Forces converted it into another Cassino. Duren was one of the towns turned into a fortress by the Germans, for the defence of the Rhine line. On February 16 a big force of heavy bombers of the R.A.F. attacked it, and later it was again subjected to bombardment from both the air and the ground, until a way had been blasted for the American infantry. In peacetime, it had a population of 37,000 and was the second largest German town to be captured in the West: to-day, it is utterly destroyed, the devastation being worse than at Aix-la-Chapelle (Aachen). The 104th Division alone took more than 2,000 prisoners after they had broken into the town

WAITING FOR ZERO HOUR : Canadian troops stand in the shelter of a wrecked building under shell-fire, before attacking Keppeln, south of Calcar. These men are part of General Crerar's army, which bore the brunt of much heavy fighting as they pushed southwards towards Xanten and Wesel, forcing back the right wing of von Rundstedt's German Army towards the Rhine

THE CROSSING OF THE ROER RIVER BY THE U.S. NINTH ARMY : This was the first group of infantry to cross this particular bridge. A number of similar footbridges were put up by American engineers under heavy shell-fire along a stretch of the river. After the infantry had crossed and formed a number of bridgeheads, these were coalesced into one whole bridgehead extending for 28 miles along the east bank. From here further advances towards Cologne were later made

ASSAULT BOATS AND EQUIPMENT litter the banks of the Roer River following the Ninth Army's push into German-held territory : Under shell-fire during the first hours of the offensive, much of this destruction to bridges and assault boats was wrought by German artillery which dominated the crossings until guns and gunners were pushed back by the forward surges of the American infantry

AFTER THE U.S. NINTH ARMY HAD TAKEN JULICH : A view of the devastation caused through air bombing before the attack by the infantry. Julich was taken during the first great rush forward. It boasted a moated citadel and a big German garrison. It was taken by the 29th Division under General Charles Gierhart—and thus another "bastion" along the Roer was captured. Many German prisoners were captured in the tunnels and underground works of the citadel

AMERICAN INFANTRY MAKE THEIR OWN FOXHOLES : These men are members of General Patton's Third Army fighting between Trier and Prum. They have dug their own shelter after the night crossing of the Prum River. Since that moment, General Patton has penetrated many miles inside German territory

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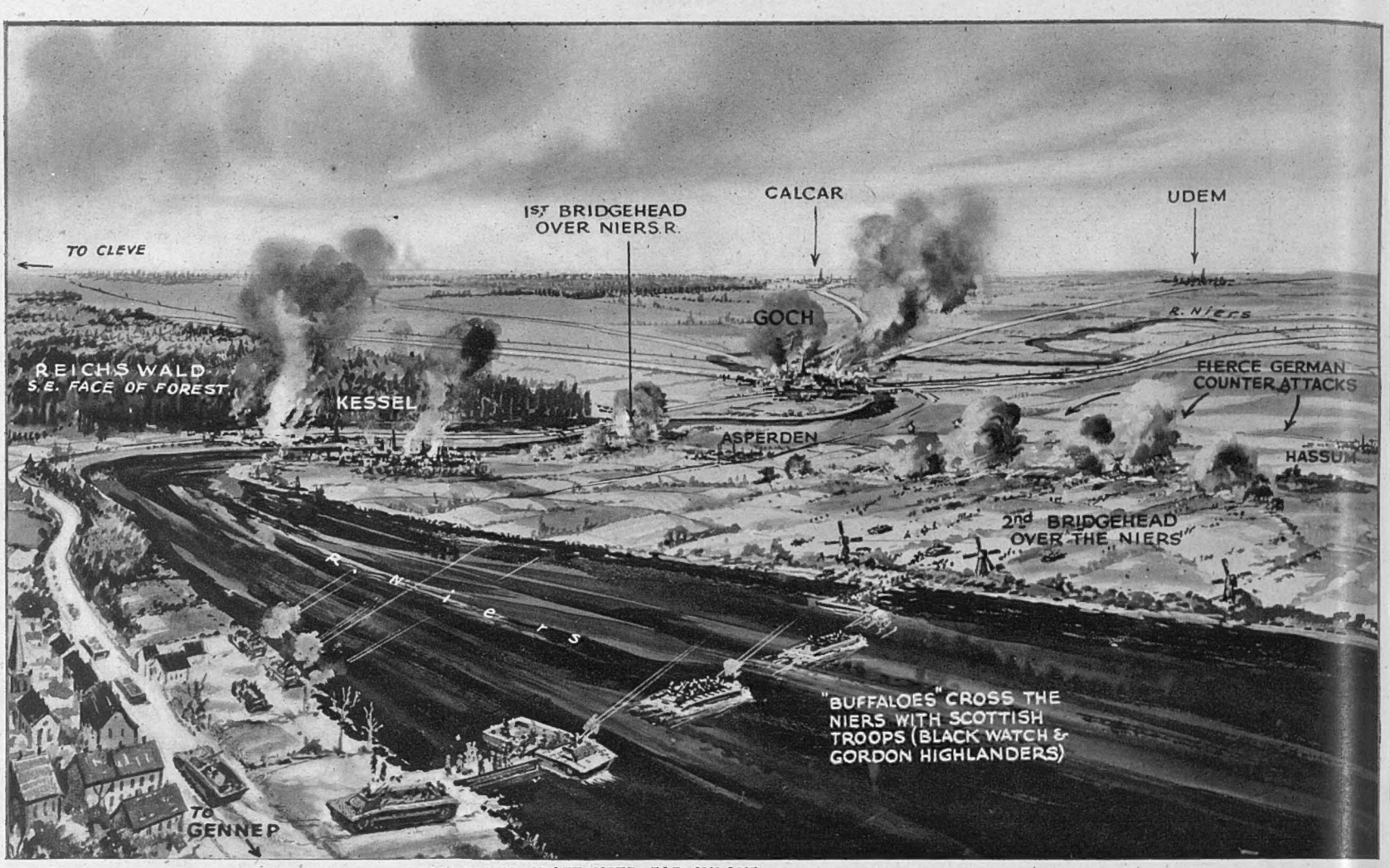
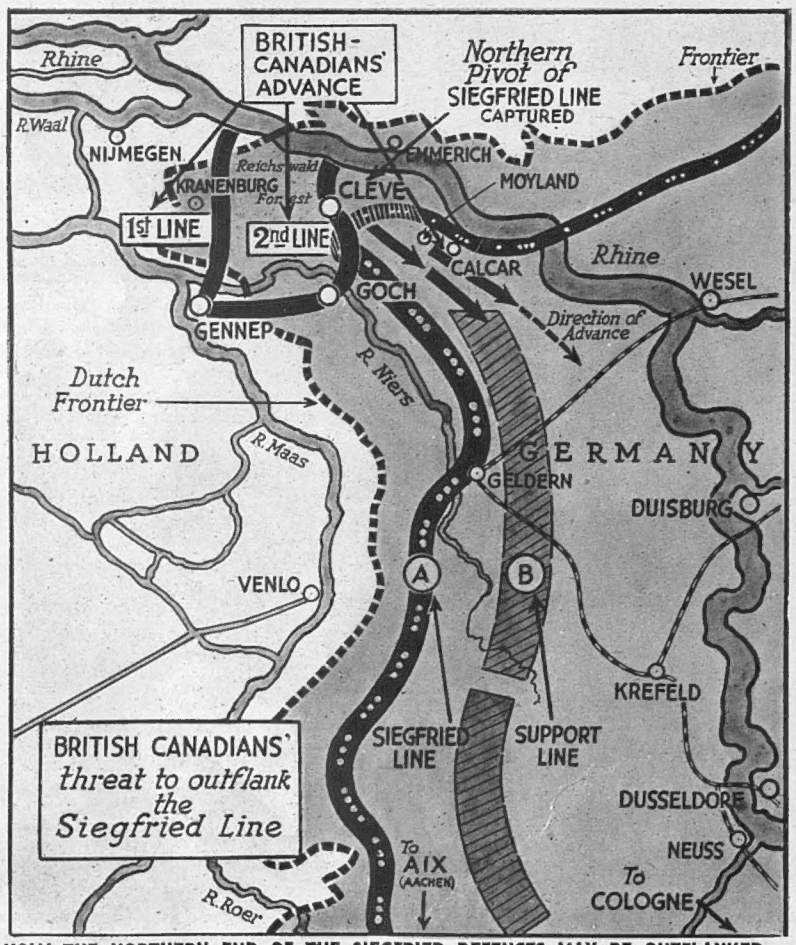


AMPHIBIOUS CRAFT USED FAR INLAND: BUFFALOES CROSSING THE RIVER NIERS TO SECURE A BRIDGEHEAD DURING THE ADVANCE ON GENNEP, south of the Reichswald Forest. The Black Watch and Gordon Highlanders took part in this operation and helped in the capture of the town—*Drawing by E. G. Lambert*

SCENES from the WESTERN FRONT

Depicted in Special Drawings by *Sphere* Artists

In narratives from the western battle zone, and especially in those relating to the more northerly sectors, there frequently occur references to the Siegfried Line defences. At one point these are stated to have been penetrated to a useful degree; at another, some outer defences are reported to have been pierced; but much remains to be done before a real "break-through" can be claimed to have taken place. The map reproduced on the left shows part of the British strategy in connection with the northern hinge of the Line. It will be observed that there is one area which promises to become of special interest owing to its particular position. This is the region to the south-east of the Reichswald Forest, through which British and Canadian troops recently fought their way. It was at first thought that the original Siegfried Line ended at the frontier town of Emmerich; under the threat of probable attack by the Allies, however, extensions and additions were made some time ago. It is these through which the northern portion of the Army has penetrated. Two outer "lines" stretched through the Reichswald area; these were backed by lines of pill-boxes and German minefields, which still have to be tackled. It is not surprising that the enemy reacts viciously to any even small Allied penetrations within this vital area, because he does not want his "West Wall" system turned in the north by a progress down the "Maas-Rhine corridor." The diagram given on the left indicates the approximate positions of the chief points in this great enemy defensive line. It will be observed that the Siegfried Line proper is indicated by heavy black lines; the "support lines" to the east are in lighter tone



HOW THE NORTHERN END OF THE SIEGFRIED DEFENCES MAY BE OUTFLANKED: The "anchor" created by the Germans on the left bank of the Rhine around the "bastion" towns of Cleve and Goch

AMPHIBIOUS WARFARE TO THE EAST OF NIJMEGEN: A Canadian division on the banks of the Rhine east of Nijmegen, which has been engaged in clearing the enemy from this area, has been through a tough time. They attacked a dyke across the open water in assault boats, Buffaloes and Ducks, captured it, and then pushed across the dry country into a village a mile farther on. During the night the water rose in the village to depths of from one to six feet. The Germans had blown up another dyke—part of their defence plan—and hindered the Allied advance in this sector. The amphibious fleet then had to rescue the marooned Canadian troops from the flooded areas. This picture was taken as Buffaloes and amphibious vehicles went through the flooded village picking up the troops

THE INFANTRY GO
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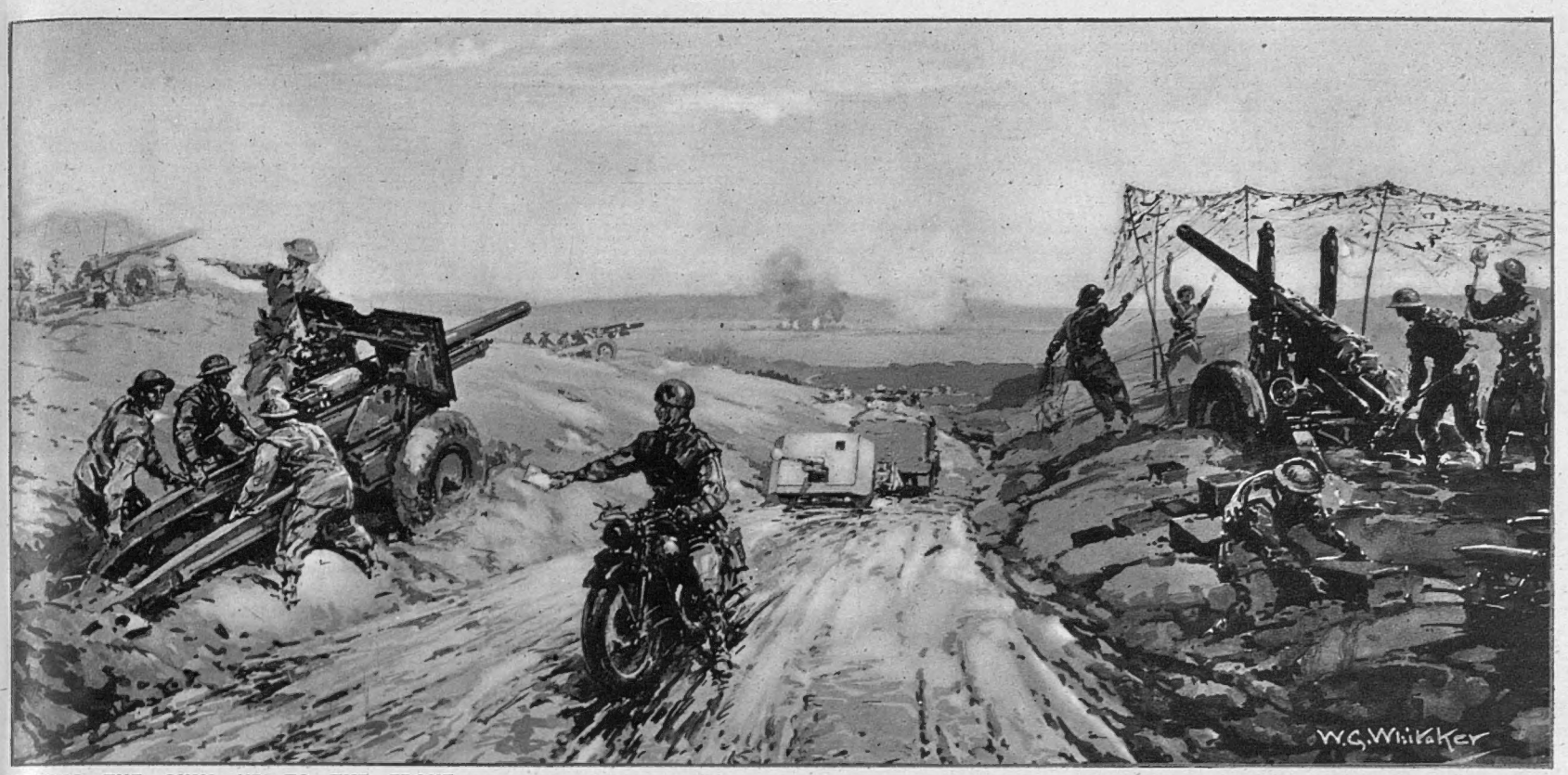


MOVING THE GUNS UP TO THE FRONT: THE BIG WEAPONS TRAVEL BEHIND TRACTORS OR LORRIES, OR ON THEIR OWN SELF-PROPELLED CARRIAGES. When the order arrives for a change of position, with details of the state of the roads to be traversed, a battery can move at a speed ranging from 12 to 30 miles an hour, with ammunition-limbers maintaining the same speed—*Drawing by W. G. Whitaker*

When the Canadian Army opened its offensive in the Cleve-Goch area, 1,400 guns were employed to put down the initial barrage: one-third of them were mediums, heavies and super-heavies. Three hundred and fifty types of ammunition were used—if stacked side by side to a height of 5 ft., this amount would have stretched for 30 miles! When the artillery is told to-day that its services will be required several miles distant at the end of the day, gunners move with the speed almost of tankmen. A few adjustments, and the biggest weapons are ready to travel behind sturdy [tractors, lorries or upon their own self-propelled carriages. Little time is wasted with the wholesale dismantling of parts that once took so long. Maps are carefully studied and reconnaissance men bring reports of the state of the roads and adjacent country. It is arranged for the heaviest guns and those pulled by lorries to move by road, but an increasing number of tractored pieces can travel almost anywhere, at speeds ranging from 12 to as high as 30 miles an hour. Limbers with ammunition and crews maintain the same speeds, but the move forward is in many ways the least gruelling task. Formerly guns could not be expected to open accurate fire until some hours after their arrival at new sites. It took that time to site and erect the batteries, to establish the targets. Now, however, they are expected to take part almost at once in the most complicated system of concerted battery-fire ever developed

INTO ACTION ON KANGAROOS—BIG, UNARMED, TANK-LIKE VEHICLES WHICH TAKE THEM RIGHT UP TO THE SCENE OF ACTION: It is rarely that the foot-soldiers action these days; they are conveyed on the backs of tanks (so that they can ignore enemy strong-points by-passed by the advance units) or on Kangaroos such the drawing. The latter can accommodate a surprising number of men and their equipment: some carry light wireless-masts in order to receive and transmit headquarters and thus continually keep in touch. As soon as the men alight, they are ready for instant action with rifle and machine-gun fire. In this drawing, along muddy, waterlogged roads to a point where they suddenly encounter enemy fire from across the river: the convoy has halted for the men to shelter behind the big vehicles and to deal with the enemy at medium range from behind cover—*Drawing by W. G. Whitaker*

BERCHTESGADEN—PAST, PRESENT and FUTURE

The Beauty Spot High Up in the Bavarian Mountains which Hitler has Made into His Own Castle-Fortress

Described by FERDINAND TUOHY

WRITING from Berchtesgaden in 1936, I see there was this: "The Berghof or Mountain Court is being fashioned as the hub of a veritable fortress and seat of government on its private Alp-side. Berchtesgaden may be the duplicate or reserve German capital in any war that may come." To-day it is being spoken of as the likely first, or last, capital of the Alpine Nazi resistance.

The foregoing was written at high August, and the date leads me to mention that Berchtesgaden is not "a village nestling in the Bavarian mountains." It may have been that during its 700-year period as an independent spiritual principality under Augustan monks; it may have continued so after its 1803 incorporation in Bavaria. But long before Hitler got there, as far back as 1910, Berchtesgaden was one of the most visited of German summer and winter resorts. In 1925, it counted 4,000 inhabitants, and after the Nazis made the spa into a national shrine and themselves swelled the population, Berchtesgaden must have come to number nearer 10,000 during the peak months and 6,000 all the year round. On days of pilgrimage, quite 20,000 awed trippers would congregate, making the place redolent of Cup Final day, Coney Island, Oberammergau and Lourdes combined.

When Hitler, Max Ammam and Hess descended on Berchtesgaden around 1923, it was known for four things: as the centre of, perhaps, the loveliest part of Bavaria; for its castle with ex-Crown Prince Rupprecht living there; for its wood-carving and toy-making, and its rock salt-mines. Oh, yes, and for the reputed presence of Charlemagne, buried in the Untersberg, on which Berchtesgaden stands, 1,900 ft. above sea-level. The resort lies in a green valley entirely surrounded by mountains, two miles over the Bavarian frontier, and is best reached from Austrian Salzburg, though Todt constructed roads in various directions, especially an Autobahn, which enabled Hitler to scorch up from Munich in ninety minutes in his black Mercédès. I did so in a teeny Renault, whose French marking drew crudities from passing Jugend, and turned into the winding, sloping main street to find it impassable. Just one medley of charabancs, hikers, cyclists, motor-cyclists, cars, horse-carriages, Hitler Youth and Maidens, tourists, solid Teuton peasantry, locals, and elderlies taking the waters. The inns, hotels (at least a dozen big ones), souvenir and beer places were packed and remained so from morn to night. I wended "Attagirl II" towards an outsize, sternly-policed car park on the edge of the scrumptious Koenigs-See, and for the next hour what struck one most was the endless strolling of the multitude described, none of them with anything to do save write oceans of picture-postcards, photograph one another more or less picturesquely, drink beer and use binoculars. Such binocularing ne'er was known in so confined a spot. All you could study (for fifty pfennigs) was a smudge of white roof on a densely-wooded hillside 2,500 ft. higher up. *Aber, Aber . . . ER is dort!* Some swore they could pick him out, and that was hysterics. Still, he *was* there.

One felt permanently under surveillance at Berchtesgaden, whose coachmen and even labourers might not be wholly what they seemed. At the hotels and villas the most rigid details had to be filled in, especially if one were foreign. I was supremely lucky to run into a Very Important Pilgrim (he isn't so to-day), who told me much of what follows; yet I very soon made tracks for the show place of the vicinity, the Koenigs-See, about three miles away. Whatever we say about the Nazis, we must hand it them not only for having chosen a neighbourhood whose beauty is almost holy in its grandeur, but for maintaining it as a natural reservation which can be a model for the world. Berchtesgaden and surroundings are protected from desecration of every kind, and you may do no injury to any animal or even plant. You may not collect beetles or butterflies or break off flowers.

When Hitler was "on the bum" (as the Americans say) in the early '20's, Fritz Dreesen, of Godesberg, one day regretted he couldn't put him up free any longer, so the quaint-looking guy (I never could see how the German women raved about "Handsome Adolf") knocked at the modest Platterhof Inn on the wooded slope above Berchtesgaden. Those were romantic days, chiefly with Ammam, Hess and Henfstengle, cronies who listened to Hitler as he endlessly recast mankind and the universe, and it was to the Platterhof that Hitler returned on his release from Landsberg, to write the second, and most important to us, volume of *Mein Kampf*. None of them had much cash, and for Adolf at least it was an ascetic life in a perfect setting. I am not sure when he rented the modest chalet Wachenfels, but he was there around 1930, looked after by his sister, and able only to take in four house-guests.

In the mid-'30's the Führer conceived the idea of the much more pretentious Berghof on the same site—the same that he referred to in his recent spot of "sharing": "I have read in the last few days in British papers that our enemies intended to destroy my Berghof. I am almost sorry that this has not already happened, because whatever I call my own is worth no more than what belongs to my people." The whole new affair, a much extended chalet and new out-buildings, was shaped to house some fifty guests, secretaries, chauffeurs, guards and servants.

The Berghof is reached by a broad, curving road up which six-wheeled monsters could roar in all weathers, and is built backing on to the hillside, with meadows on three sides. The entire estate covers about three square miles, but contains only four or five other buildings, including what once was Göring's villa. Hitler took over, and suppressed, three or four "cure" villas and twenty-four peasant homes, and he pushed the main road to Salzburg 200 yards over the hump of a hill, so that people on it could not see what he was up to, through telescopes. No one could go the last two miles up to Berghof without a pass, and even those with passes had to run the inspection of S.S. guard after guard, established on either side of the road in frequent, turreted guard houses. The first floor covers a big garage and bomb-proof cellar, both under a jutting terrace from which the V.I.P.s enjoyed the glorious vista, chiefly towards Salzburg. This floor has the social rooms and hinges on a very popular central hall, or lounge, where Hitler used to do a lot of his Marathon monologuing until the small hours. The decor is his own, and combines a Roman-arch effect abovye, with medieval German stonework below; and off the hall is a very welcome room marked "smoking." Hitler can't have it near him, and when he was talking you had to say much like "My Führer, may I go to the smoking, pliss?" The dining-room takes up one whole corner of the Hof and is decorated like the lounge. It has the largest window in the Reich, through which to absorb the mountain panorama.

On the second floor are the main guest-rooms and Hitler's cut-off suite and den. The latter is designed like a studio, and 'twas here that Hitler designed the future Reich, architecturally, along with the young architect Todt, "the perfect Nazi pupil." Hitler's room faces Austria, only two miles away, and he meant his vigil to have psychological effect. The guest-rooms are of the hotel variety, first-class but not "luxury," and service is (or was) by white-jacketed stewards. The chief characteristic of life at the Berghof was given me as "precision and suddenness." Everything happened presto! and precisely. A bell rang and guests were whirled down to the airfield near Berchtesgaden. Incidentally, I wonder if the luxury hotel on the Obersalzberg, opposite, was ever completed. It was meant to take the overflow of V.I.P.s, and to act as an annexe to the Berlin Chancellery, so may be on our list, if occupied.

And so we come to the final refuge, the eyrie 1,500 ft. farther up the mountain-side, behind the Berghof, and therefore perched at a height of 6,000 ft. Only the rarest guests have been up here (one was an English friend of mine), and but two or three can remain the week-end in the sort of glorified cabin set in a (most times) snowy crag. It is well and truly above the tumult of human affairs, this eyrie, and is reached through a long tunnel in the mountain, which suddenly reveals a lift. This ascends silently and swiftly many hundred feet up the interior of the spire-resembling crag, and when it stops the visitor steps out into a long black marble corridor. This conducts through a massive bronze door to Hitler's room, which again has a relatively enormous window. One is in the place of ultimate communion with Nazi Providence.

Can the eyrie be hit or seized by paratroopers? Will the Berghof be bombed?

Well, Berchtesgaden can and will be attacked again and again, for it must be full of administrative and defence services already; it is a nodal point of communications; and may quite likely develop as the capital of the last mountain resistance. Mention of which reminds me of another item which focuses additional attention on this symbolical area: a mile or two away are the immense salt-mines, now heated and lit throughout by electricity. There is also the non-working Kaiser mine. These mines should contain enormous Nazi stores, equipment, fuel and munitions, if there is anything in all this last-stand business — as there undoubtedly is.

A GENERAL VIEW OF BERCHTESGADEN, situated in the beautiful Bavarian Mountains, which was attacked recently by Typhoon fighters for the first time in this war: When rocket-firing Typhoons of the Twelfth American Air Force arrived over Berchtesgaden, they were greeted by a concentration of flak from "Hitler's Own" A.-A. defences, but the Allied planes completed their assignment, which was to destroy railway installations in the vicinity rather than to attack Hitler's hide-out, which is of little military importance at the moment

THE CENTRE OF THE VILLAGE OF BERCHTESGADEN, near where Hitler has established his headquarters at the Berghof, or Mountain Court, high up in the Bavarian Alps

The fact that goods made of raw materials in short supply owing to war conditions are advertised in this publication should not be taken as an indication that they are necessarily available for export

HOW THE MARINES WENT ASHORE FOR THE INVASION OF IWO, SOUTHERNMOST OF THE VOLCANO ISLANDS. Members of the 4th Division charge past the wreckage of a Japanese gunboat on the sandy beach during the opening battle for the bridgehead. The men are scurrying for the shelter of shell-holes and bomb-craters made by the pre-invasion bombardments by the vessels seen standing out in the bay, and for the trenches dug and abandoned by the retreating Japs. The Marines smashed the first Jap counter-attacks and then went on to capture Mount Suribashi

The INVASION of IWO-JIMA by the Americans

First Pictures of the Landings on the Volcanic Isle on February 19

American Marines landed on Iwo-Jima, in the Volcanic Group (only 750 miles from Tokyo), in the morning of Monday, February 19. The pictures reproduced here are the first to be received in London showing how the beachhead was secured: they were sent by radio via the United States.

See also following two pages for a special drawing of the island

ELEMENTS OF THE 4TH AND 5TH MARINES STORM THE BEACHES OF IWO. In the foreground is a landing-craft, run right up on to the sandy shore. The first assault parties are hauling up their guns on rubber-tyred carriages, and climbing the first ridges under protective shell-fire from the Allied naval vessels

THE MARINES MOVE UP FROM THE BEACHES after blasting a beachhead through furious Japanese resistance. In the background can be seen the extinct volcano of Suribashi, later captured by the Americans, while in the right foreground a dead Marine lies partly buried in the sand

THE STORMING OF THE SURIBASHI VOLCANO. The Marines prepare to dig in after capturing a strong Jap pillbox situated on the side of the extinct volcano: The bodies of American and Jap soldiers are forgotten as the Marines work hastily to consolidate their position. In the background of this dramatic picture can be seen all that remains of the Jap stronghold—a twisted mass of wreckage. It was against this volcano that American forces fought one of the bloodiest battles of the war

WOUNDED ON THE BEACH, a U.S. Marine is carried to an Aid Station for medical attention. In the foreground, in a shelter formed by a bomb-crater, one of the Marines uses a "walkie-talkie" radio set to call his advanced post farther in the island's interior

JAPS ON THE RUN UNDER AIR BOMBARDMENT: Soldiers dive from their truck and scatter for cover as an American fighter fires on them in support of the advancing forces. The Japs on the left seek cover in a gully, those on the right head for a ravine, whilst others scramble hurriedly beneath the truck

THE ISLAND OF IWO-JIMA, AS SEEN BY AMERICAN PILOTS during a bombing attack just before the recent U.S. invasion : This view is taken from the northern side of the island, whereas the drawing on the right is taken from the south-east. Suribashi Yama is, therefore, just outside the photograph on the right, and the landing beach where the Marines went ashore is on the far side to the right of the centre. The group of rocky, wooded hills occupies almost the whole of the left half of this view

IWO-JIMA and CORREGIDOR

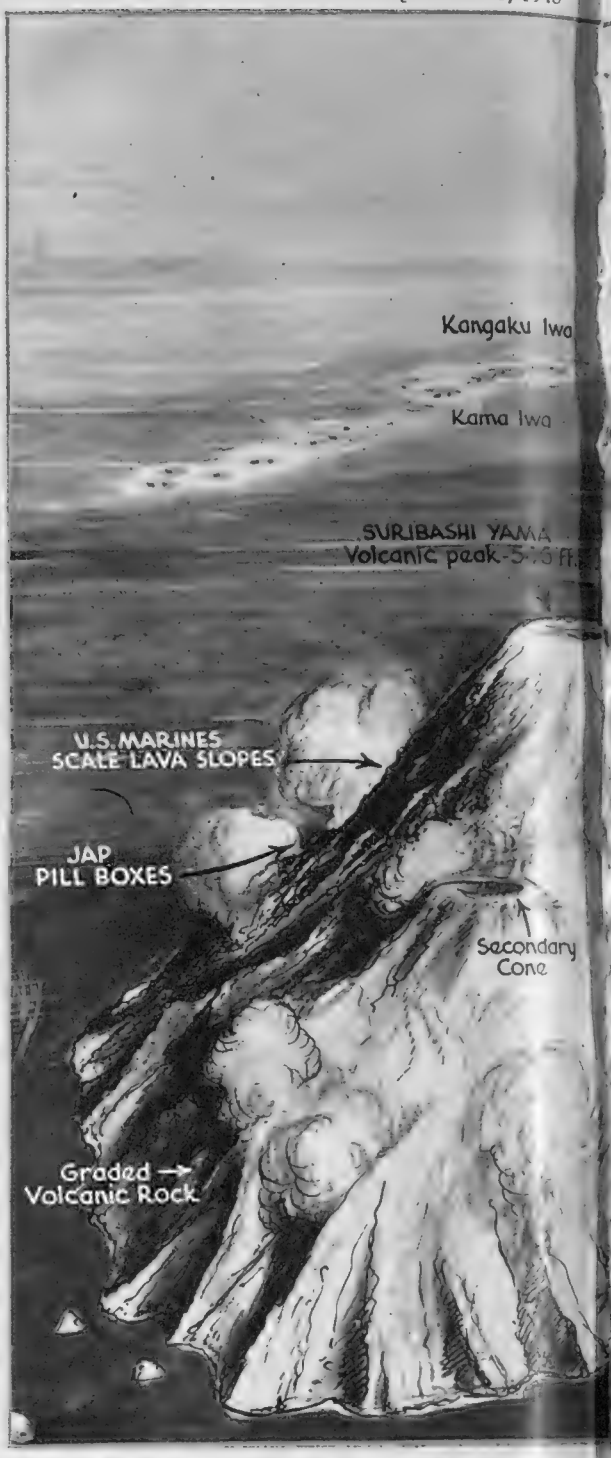
Two Pacific Key-Points Now Invaded by the Americans

—Special Sphere Drawings

Iwo-Jima is a small island in the Volcano Group, some 700 miles south of Japan : its importance lies in the fact that it is situated on the route taken by the Super-Fortresses flying from the Marianas to Tokyo. From their air bases on the island, the enemy could spot the arrival of the American planes, give warning to Tokyo and attack the bombers with their fighter force. Though only a small island, eight square miles in area, the Japanese had made it into a strong fortress, manned by 20,000 troops. Admiral Nimitz sent a formidable force against the island — battleships, cruisers, destroyers, minesweepers, aircraft-carriers and other vessels, some 800 in all, which spread out for miles around the island. The assault began on February 17 with the landing of two divisions of Marines upon the south-eastern shore, a low beach lying between the hill regions at each end of the island. The assault boats came under a fierce enfilading fire from guns and mortars flanking the landing beach, causing considerable casualties. But the Marines scrambled ashore and had soon established a firm bridgehead.

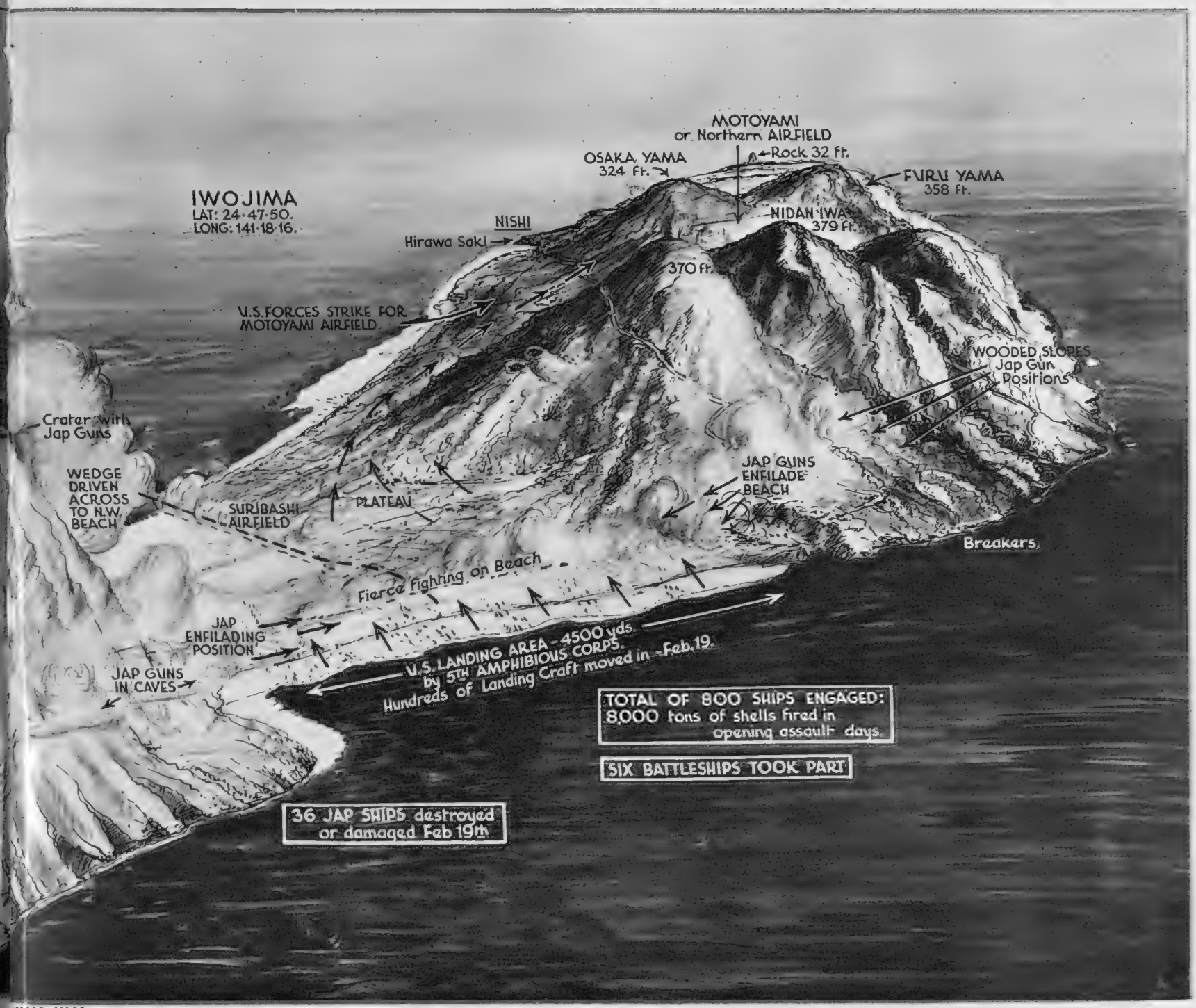
Iwo-Jima consists of low land in the centre, rising in terraces to a plateau at the northern end which is thickly wooded, hiding the enemy's guns. The second airfield of Motoyami is situated at this wooded end, while at the other end stands the extinct volcano of Suribashi, rising 546 ft., which dominates the island and which had been turned into a citadel by the Japanese. When 20,000 Marines had been landed, together with guns and great stores of supplies, the attack upon Suribashi began. Every cave and crevice was held by the determined foe, who knew every trick of defence and who used every natural feature to strengthen it with innumerable pill-boxes. After twenty-four hours of the fiercest struggle, the United States flag was flown from the summit.

In spite of this loss, the enemy continued resistance at the hilly end of the island. The Navy continued to give the support of its big guns, more Marines were landed, making a total of 45,000 men, greatly outnumbering the Japanese, who, however, refused to surrender. The struggle for Motoyami became still more fierce, the whole area was strewn with mines, while heavy rain made the task of the Marines more difficult.



THE AMERICAN ATTACK ON THE VOLCANIC ISLAND OF
wooded hills at

THE CAPTURE OF CORREGIDOR ISLAND BY THE AMERICANS : ASSAULT CRAFT FROM THE BATAAN PENINSULA MAKING FOR THE ISLAND FORTRESS AT THE PHILIPPINES, after it had been "softened up" by naval and air bombardment. The actual capture of Corregidor (which has been in Japanese hands since parachute troops and by ground forces after a terrific pounding by more than 2,000 tons of bombs and shells—*Drawing by*



IWO-JIMA, SHOWING WHERE THE LANDINGS TOOK PLACE ON THE SOUTH-EASTERN SIDE, the volcano of Suribashi Yama at its southern tip, and the rocky and its other end. The invasion was carried out by 800 Allied vessels, amongst which were six battleships—*Drawing by Percy Home*

ENTRANCE TO MANILA BAY, IN THE May 1942) was carried out jointly by
Wm. McDowell

AN OVERHEAD VIEW OF THE FORTRESS ISLAND OF CORREGIDOR, which was taken by the Japs early in 1942 but which is now back in American hands once again

After three days of almost continuous bombardment by day from the air and sea, American parachute troops and ground forces stormed the island fortress of Corregidor on February 16. The landing shown in progress in the drawing on the left followed that on Bataan on the previous day. The island took a terrific pounding : in three days more than 2,000 tons of bombs and shells were dropped on the Japs after the garrison had been thrown into confusion by the lightning American thrust. The paratroops were dropped as the other troops poured across the small channel separating the island from Bataan Peninsula in landing barges. Mopping up went on, on the eastern side of Corregidor, for some days after the landings, " countless Japanese " being killed inside the tunnels of the fortress or while attempting to escape by swimming. Previous to the present war, Corregidor had been converted by the Americans into a miniature Gibraltar, with tunnels and underground ways cut out of the volcanic rock. It fell to the Japs on May 5, 1942, and remained in their hands until its recapture last month

MANDALAY IS SANDWICHED BETWEEN TWO ALLIED BRIDGEHEADS ACROSS THE RIVER IRRAWADDY: One is 40 miles to the north of the city, the other is an equal distance to the south. The above view shows how the approaches to both were made by the Fourteenth Army—*Drawing by E. G. Lambert*

The APPROACH to MANDALAY

The Work of F.A.M.O. —and Other News from the Burmese Battlefronts

—With two Special Sphere Diagram-Drawings

The Allies have been closing in upon the great city of Mandalay, but the fight for it is expected to be both long and bitter: the Japs are holding on with great tenacity, being well supplied with guns which cover all ways of approach.

When forced back from the Upper Irrawaddy and the Chindwin in December, the enemy tore up the railway to the north and also strengthened their positions along the eastern bank of the mighty Irrawaddy. There was then a lull in the fighting for some weeks while the Allies gathered supplies ready for their assault upon Mandalay, which would give them command of the river and also access to the open plain beyond where tanks could operate over the sandy, scrub-covered terrain.

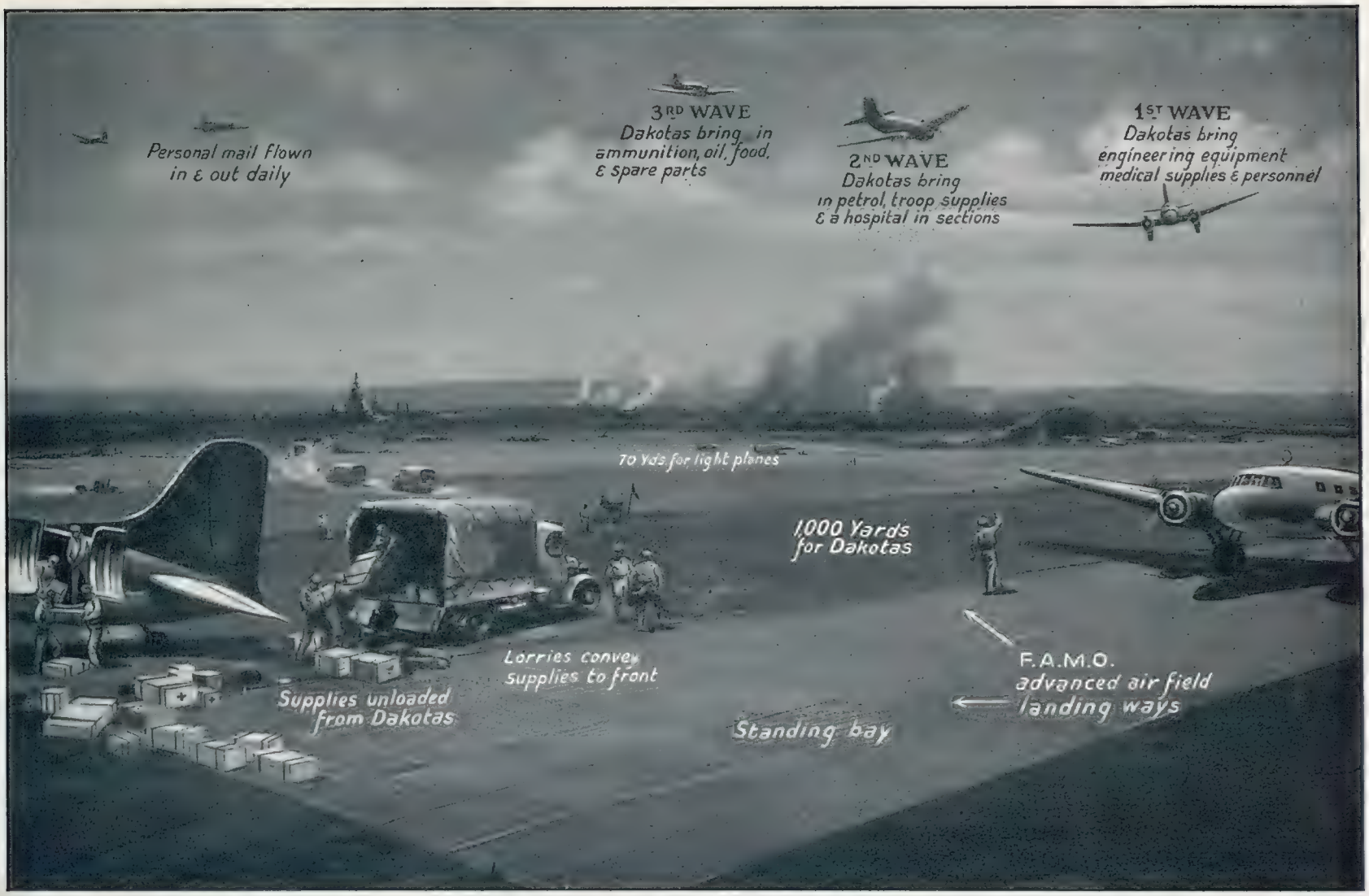
It was no easy matter to cross the Irrawaddy, but at last two bridgeheads have been established, in spite of fierce opposition. One is at Singu, 40 miles to the north, held by the 19th Indian Division (which consists of three brigades—one British, one Indian and one Gurkha). This Division crossed the Chindwin in November, and covered 150 miles in eight days, crossing a mountain range and ferrying their artillery and heavy supplies. It made contact with the 36th Division, which had been pushing down the Irrawaddy from the north, and then turned south to find a place for a crossing. The bridgehead at Singu is still a small one, and has had to endure constant attacks from the enemy.

The other and larger bridgehead is at Myinmu, 40 miles to the west of Mandalay. After leaving the latter, the Irrawaddy turns suddenly west near the town of Sagaing. The Japanese fought fiercely on the northern bank, obliging the Fourteenth Army to evacuate the villagers, to save them from destruction. On February 13 a crossing to the south bank was achieved, but it was not as easy as had been hoped. The Irrawaddy, usually calm and placid, had unexpectedly become a racing flood.

It had been planned to be a silent crossing without gun barrage or air support, thus gaining surprise. But no boats could paddle the stream, and so outboard motors had to be attached, the noise of which would attract attention. A few noisy old trainer-planes were sent up to make a sound umbrella, under cover of which the boats struggled across, their destination having been marked by three officers who swam the river. Some boats were carried down the stream, landing far from their right spot; but the bridgehead was established along a six-mile base.

A FESTIVAL FOR THE LIBERATED BURMESE AT SHWEBO: The "Poja," a traditional dance, is performed in front of an audience of British troops. The "Poja" is a traditional Burmese festival, always held during the light of the full moon in order to facilitate travel by ox-cart. During the Japanese occupation the Burmese were not allowed by the Japs to hold this celebration; but after the arrival of the British in the Shwebo area it was held for the first time in three years. It was called by the District Commissioner, and was a token of goodwill between the Burmese and the English. The British General who took Shwebo from the Japanese was the guest of honour and was fêted. He was presented with gifts and was given an "appreciation and deliverance" speech by the head man of the village

A SUPPLY ROAD THROUGH THE LUSHAI HILLS, maintained by soldiers from Nepal: One of the most difficult tasks of the entire Burma war to date has been the transport of supplies to the Allied troops fighting in the Lushai Hills. The lines of communication became strung out over a distance of 300 miles from the base at Chittagong, and the job of keeping them open fell to Nepalese soldiers of the Indian Pioneer Corps. Some of the hardest work took the form of a five- or six-days journey in Khastis (local river craft) down the Kharnaphuli River. Here a number of the Pioneers are seen struggling with their laden Khastis in the difficult rapids



FAMO = Forward Airfields Maintenance Organisation AT WORK AT AN ADVANCED BASE ON THE BURMESE PLAINS. Dakota aircraft landing supplies on a new airfield which was built in record time just behind the forward lines—*Drawing by Roland Davies*

"FAMO" has become a most important word to the British, Indian and African troops who are fighting the Japanese in Burma. It represents the Forward Airfields Maintenance Organisation, which has overcome the tremendous problems associated with the air transport of supplies to troops in forward areas and is responsible for the remarkable state of efficiency which field supply operations have now achieved.

The main Famo bases are keeping pace with the Fourteenth Army advances. One has advanced in leapfrog fashion in 100-mile jumps, so that it is now occupying its fifth main base site, and each has been in entirely new fields. The first step in Famo operations is when reconnaissance parties fly over an area previously photographed and decide whether it is suitable for a big base. Local labour is recruited to prepare the strips—70 yards long for light planes—and this job is completed in two or three days. In a few more days, with the aid of bulldozers which have been clearing the roads leading to the new area, a strip 1,000 yards long is ready to receive Dakota transports.

These bring in the engineering detachments, equipment and medical supplies. Within a week of the first operation supplies for troops are being landed, petrol and other dumps are under construction, and a section of a hospital able to handle casualties on the spot is put together.

Then comes the tremendous rush of supplies—ammunition, oil, food, canteen and hospital stores, spare parts—required by the hungry modern army. Personal mail is flown in and out daily, and it is the claim of the Famo post office on the field that the troops here receive home mail the same day as those in Calcutta receive it.

Famo is a development from the days of the first Wingate Chindit expedition, when all supplies had to be dropped by parachute.

AT AN ADVANCED R.A.F. HEADQUARTERS IN BURMA: Grouped round a circular relief model of Mandalay, which contains details of all the damage inflicted by the R.A.F. on the town, are senior officers with the A.O.C., Air Vice-Marshal S. F. Vincent. He is pointing out one of the targets in Mandalay bombed by planes from his Group. The other officers are (left to right)—Wing Commander P. N. H. Courtney, D.F.C., Colonel H. A. Schmid (U.S.), Wing Commander J. A. Robinson, Air Commodore G. H. Vasse and Wing Commander L. Penny, D.F.C.

A STRIKING INSTANCE OF PIN-POINT BOMBING, showing the way in which Jap communications throughout Burma have been cut by the R.A.F.: In support of the advance of the Fourteenth Army, the R.A.F. have systematically bombed Japanese road and rail and river communications throughout the country. This striking picture shows the railway bridge and road bridge at Monywa, on the Chindwin River, after they had received direct hits from bombs. The detour round the road bridge can be distinctly seen: a close-up of the same spot is shown in the picture on the right

LINED UP READY FOR ANOTHER ONSLAUGHT ON THE GERMANS : Thousands of Allied aircraft have been hitting at the enemy in support of the new British and American offensive across the Roer, by attacking communications behind the lines and backing up the ground forces in their battles. This picture shows R.A.F. Mitchell medium bombers of the Second Tactical Air Force (which took part in many of the attacks) about to take off for another sortie from a Belgian airfield

NEW PICTURES of the WAR by AIR

From the Western Battle Line, from the Pacific, and from the Fleet Air Arm

A REMARKABLE PICTURE TAKEN DURING AN AMERICAN "STRIKE" OVER TOKYO : It shows the waist-gunner of a Super-Fortress dangling from his aircraft five miles up in the air over the Japanese capital. Blown from his "blister" when it was destroyed by Jap intercepter fire, the Sergeant hung for nearly fifteen minutes, by one leg fastened in a safety-strap, before his comrades managed to pull him back. Regaining consciousness on the way back to Saipan, the airman told them that, while dangling outside, he saw one enemy fighter shot down by the Fortress. He is now in a rear base hospital being treated for frostbite

A NEW IDEA for the quicker evacuation of the wounded in the Pacific battle zone : A front view of the modified belly-tank "ambulance" slung beneath a P-38 fighter-plane. Here the passenger, resting on mats, looks through the plexiglass nose. (A litter patient would be placed on his back and not so far forward in the tank.) It is equipped with portholes, air vents and a set of earphones. As a result of experiments carried out at a Hawaiian air base, faster air evacuation of wounded from the front lines to the rear hospitals may soon be possible

AN INCIDENT DURING THE RECENT SEVERE WEATHER IN BRITAIN : Flying-boats of Coastal Command are caught fast in the ice at their base and have to be broken out by men in small boats—*Drawing by Roland Davies.* Sunderland and Catalina flying-boats of R.A.F. Coastal Command were actually frozen into the ice at their base in Northern Ireland during the cold spell which swept Britain earlier in the year. When the sea froze over—for the first time in fifty years—there was ice 4 or 5 in. thick in which the big aircraft were solidly immured. They were finally cleared by special parties in small boats, to resume their tasks of hunting for U-boats in the Atlantic

On right—The Tactical Air Forces of the Allies have been busy on many targets immediately in front of the British and Canadian forces. One of the positions where communications were strafed and "choke-points" created is the town of Xanten, a picturesque spot with a history going back to the time of the Roman Emperor Trajan, who founded a Roman colony here near Castra Vetera, most ancient of the Rhine fortresses. Remains of this fortress may still be seen at Birten, which lies close to the modern Xanten, at the foot of the hill. The whole town, with its high-pitched roofs with multitudes of dormer windows, is medieval in appearance

CARRIER-BORNE AIRCRAFT ASSISTED BY ROCKETS FOR QUICKER TAKE-OFF: A mechanic of the Fleet Air Arm preparing the new devices to be fitted to the wings of a Seafire

HOW THE ROCKETS ARE ATTACHED TO THE UPPER SIDE OF THE WINGS. At the take-off they push the plane into the air. Four of them are fitted, two to each wing: Seafires and other planes of the Fleet Air Arm have been fitted with rocket propulsion units increasing acceleration and enabling carrier-borne aircraft to take off in less distance, in lighter winds with heavier loads Mounted on each side of the fuselage, the cordite-charged rockets are fired simultaneously, giving a four-second take-off boost of great force

THE MEDIUM BOMBERS OF THE R.A.F. AT THEIR TASK OF ATTACKING GERMAN COMMUNICATIONS JUST BEHIND THE ACTUAL BATTLE-LINE: Bostons (on left) and Mitchells attacking the town of Xanten, 15 miles to the south-east of Cleve, where a "choke-point" was created among the enemy troops and traffic trying to reach the front at the opening of the new Allied offensive—*Drawing by Roland Davies*

CLEARING A CAPTURED GERMAN TOWN

How a Stubborn Resistance is Overcome by Infantry-plus-Tank Combination

—Shown in a Special *Sphere* Drawing

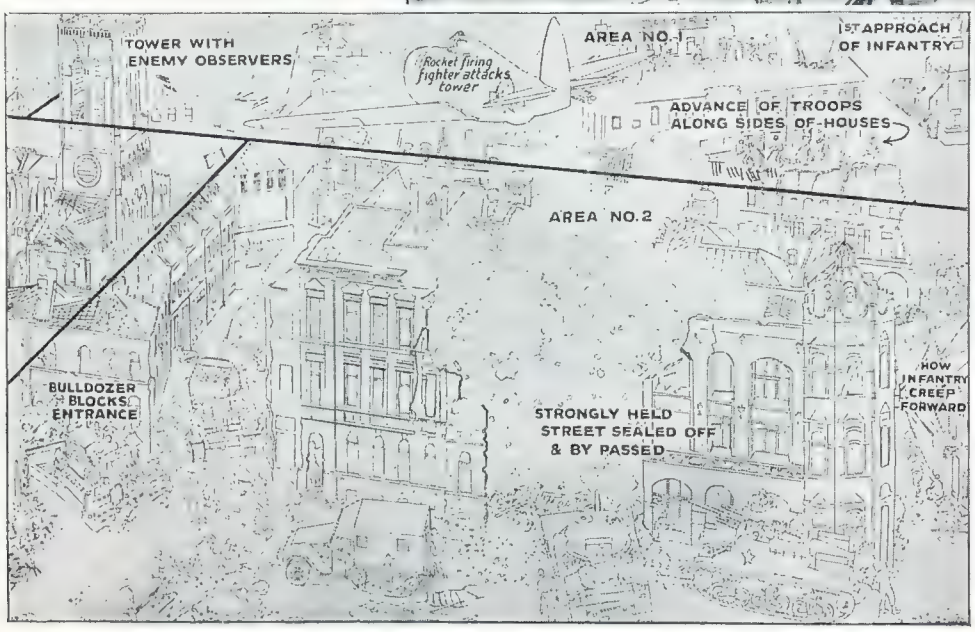
Readers of THE SPHERE will have seen in the pages of this journal, from time to time, pictures showing Allied troops advancing into the streets of a town or village for the purpose of "mopping up" or "winkling out" the remnants of enemy formations left behind by the Germans to fight rearguard actions and to slow up the rate of the Allied advance. This enemy resistance has often taken place even after the captured town has been completely surrounded and fluid military resistance has become no longer possible: in some cases it has been necessary to send tanks, mobile guns, flame-throwers and bull-dozers through the streets to clear the place sufficiently to allow of the slower, but more thorough, penetration by the infantry.

Once the heavier resistance is silenced, the infantry-plus-tank attack begins. The large diagram-drawing on the right sets out to show the specialised fighting which then takes place.

The action begins in the top right-hand corner and moves, generally, from right to left. Infantry are approaching the town in spurts: then follows the actual penetration of streets in which the enemy's quick-firing guns may lurk in doors and windows. The town had previously been marked out in sectors on the map, and a particular sector has been assigned to each unit for capture. The dotted lines in the drawing show two such sectors. In the foreground, the operation is reaching its closing stages: in the one beyond, it is still in an early phase. It will be noticed that the two boundaries overlap at the top left-hand corner. By this means, when the capture of both has been completed and it is the turn of the next sector to be attacked, an entry can be made on its flank as well as frontally.

Many of the upper floors will have been wrecked (where there may have been snipers and grenade-throwers, etc.) by previous bombardment or bombing, but the ground floors can be made very strong with concrete—and beneath these may be cellars in which the enemy can lurk in ambush. In the ground floors, there are machine-guns, mortars, anti-tank guns and built-in tanks: portions of them may still be on fire, as indicated

A section of the approach attack is shown in the top right-hand corner, carried out under enemy shelling. The men run, in open order, in sharp bursts of about 100 yards between the arrival of the shells, until the outer streets are reached. The shells are found to be directed from the tower on the left, which must therefore be wrecked. The quickest and surest way to effect this is by the rocket-firing fighter aircraft, here seen in action; its deadly missiles are about to strike as the plane banks up and away. The place has then to be



On left—**A KEY TO THE LARGE DRAWING ABOVE.** The drawing is divided into two main parts. In **Area No. 1,** the infantry approach the town and penetrate to its centre. In **Area No. 2,** individual actions are described and illustrated in detail

taken internally, house by house. Each building may be venomous, or it may be quite harmless: each has to be attacked warily, as deadly peril may lurk in any of the strange corners.

But fortified premises cannot be taken by infantry alone—at least, not quickly enough. The presence of support tanks and, perhaps, self-propelled guns, is essential to reduce such over-tough obstacles. There may be road-blocks, with mortars, as intimated on the right, or built-in panzers such as might well be sited at the top of the street on the left. But this is hazardous work for such weapons, as they have to be used singly and have insufficient room to manoeuvre.

In the centre, a particularly strongly-held street is sealed off at both ends and by-passed temporarily in order that the attack in this sector may not fall behind schedule. As soon as practicable, it will be dive-bombed into ruins and the survivors "winkled out" by infantry. A bulldozer tank is a useful hybrid in such sealing-off, or in clearing a path through debris-heaped streets It can work under fire; but it is not as effective as the plain bulldozer seen on the left, when a corner has been sufficiently sheltered for its employment. Above it, tommy-gunners in the upper floor watch for any attempt to rush it by the enemy, and machine-gunners below wait for any concerted attempt to break out before the outlet has been secured.

OW THE "MOPPING-UP" PROCESS IS CARRIED OUT, AND THE ENEMY POCKETS OF RESISTANCE ARE "WINKLED OUT," IN A GERMAN TOWN. The action begins in the top right-hand corner of this drawing and then proceeds from right to left (see *notes at left*)—*Drawing by S. W. Clatworthy. (Artist's copyright in the U.S.A. and Western Hemisphere)*

tank is called up, and its machine-gun comes into action in support of the infantry penetrating an enemy strong-point

"Mopping up" in a narrow street and working from house to house with machine-gun and rifle

From the top storey of a wrecked house: waiting to pick off an enemy sniper

"Winkled out" of the ruins: a young German soldier (only sixteen years of age) is brought up from a cellar

THE DESTRUCTION OF A U-BOAT LIT UP BY FLARES AS HER STERN WENT UP AND SHE SANK BY THE BOWS : The submarine had been hit by aircraft fro the carrier "Campania" in a quick attack carried out by the light of flares which showed up the whole drama. The U-boat sank quickly, leaving behin a trail of oil and wreckage—*Drawing by Montague Dawson*

A PICTURE WHICH EXEMPLIFIES THE CONDITIONS UNDER WHICH THE PILOTS WORKED : The busy scene on the escort carrier "Campania's" flight deck during the convoy, as officers and men set to work to clear away a heavy fall of snow so that the planes could take off and land on

"Snorter" U-boats have resumed the Batt of the Arctic. A large, importa British convoy sailing to a Russian po recently ran into the first of the new U-bo "blankets." Rear-Admiral Rhoderick Robe McGrigor, its commander, gave this orde "Damn the U-boats; cleave a way through

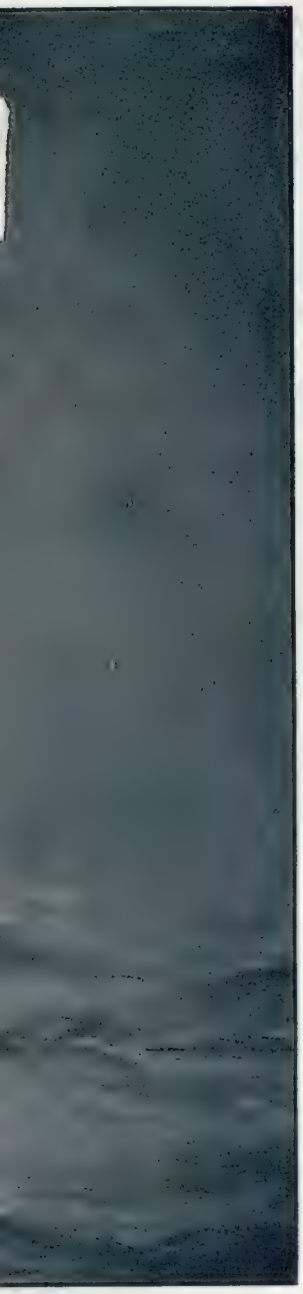
And the Navy did, destroying for certa two U-boats, damaging, if not sinkin several more, and breaking all the Luftwa torpedo-bomber attacks. No torpedo, fr sea or air, was launched at any merchantm The convoy and its escort went to Russia a came back unharmed.

The official story of the battle said th aircraft from the carrier *Campania*, Re Admiral McGrigor's flagship, first sight a U-boat on the surface. It was dep charged. The corvette *Bamborough Ca* made a successful attack on another U-bo and then the outer screen of warships detec a strong U-boat pack trying to converge.

The Arctic day, a sunless three-ho twilight in snow blizzards, was ending the escorts fought through the U-pack i the first Luftwaffe snooper plane arriv Aircraft from the escort carrier *Nairana* f off, though they could see only a few hund yards, as two waves of Junkers 88 torp bombers approached simultaneously fr different directions

One reconnaissance plane was shot do Twice the torpedo bombers were driven jettisoning their torpedoes. Later, the re forced enemy reformed, and attempted approach the convoy from three directio Again he was driven off.

In the days that followed, planes ahe of the convoy attacked U-boats. One of t *Campania's* planes illuminated a U-boat wi flares, and in the quick attack which follow it was seen sinking, its stern reared high o of the water. Oil and wreckage were foun Commander G. B. Teale, Admiral McGrigo secretary, said that a vivid and intense gre flash underwater, lighting the sea, was se after a U-boat was destroyed



CAPTAIN K. S. COLQUHOUN, who commands the "Trumpeter," escort carrier on the northern route to Russia, which has played a large part against the U-boats

REAR-ADMIRAL R. R. McGRIGOR, C.B., D.S.O., who convoyed the merchantmen to Russia when they ran into the first of the new U-boat "blankets"

COMMANDER G. B. TEALE (Submarines), who described the passage of the convoy to Russia at a recent Admiralty Press Conference

THE SCENE FROM THE FLIGHT DECK OF THE "CAMPANIA" as the escort carrier "Nairana," followed by other warships, plunged through the heavy winter seas during the course of the convoy described on these pages

DEFEATING the U-BOATS on the Northern Route to Russia

When the Enemy Submarines were Decisively Beaten by Aircraft and Ships of the Royal Navy

On left—As related in the main story on these pages, the British escort carriers *Campania* and *Nairana* were responsible for several "kills" when U-boats and enemy aircraft tried to attack an important convoy on its way both to and from Russia. The combined action of the British ships and naval aircraft prevented the enemy from launching even one attack. What the weather was like during the convoy is well exemplified in this picture!

THE CONDITIONS WHICH OUR NAVY CREWS HAVE TO ENDURE DURING ROUGH WEATHER ON THE RUSSIAN CONVOY ROUTE: This drawing shows how violent the weather can be in the open waters off the Norwegian coast in winter. On this occasion a terrific gale reduced the speed of the convoy to three knots during three days on the homeward journey. A big sea swept one of the escorting destroyers and carried her mast clean overside, as depicted in the drawing. Heavy gales, accompanied by mountainous seas, constant rain and snow squalls, and intense cold and fogs, have all contributed this winter to make the northern convoy route a severe trial of seamanship—and endurance!—*Drawing by Wm. McDowell*

ALL TYPES OF BOMBERS

Take Part in the Onslaught on Germany

Some New and Striking Pictures of the War by Air

DESTROYING GERMANY'S INDUSTRIAL PLANTS : The shattered chemical works of the I.G. Farbenindustrie at Leverkusen, after it had been attacked by Thunderbolts of the Ninth Air Force (*See note at right*)

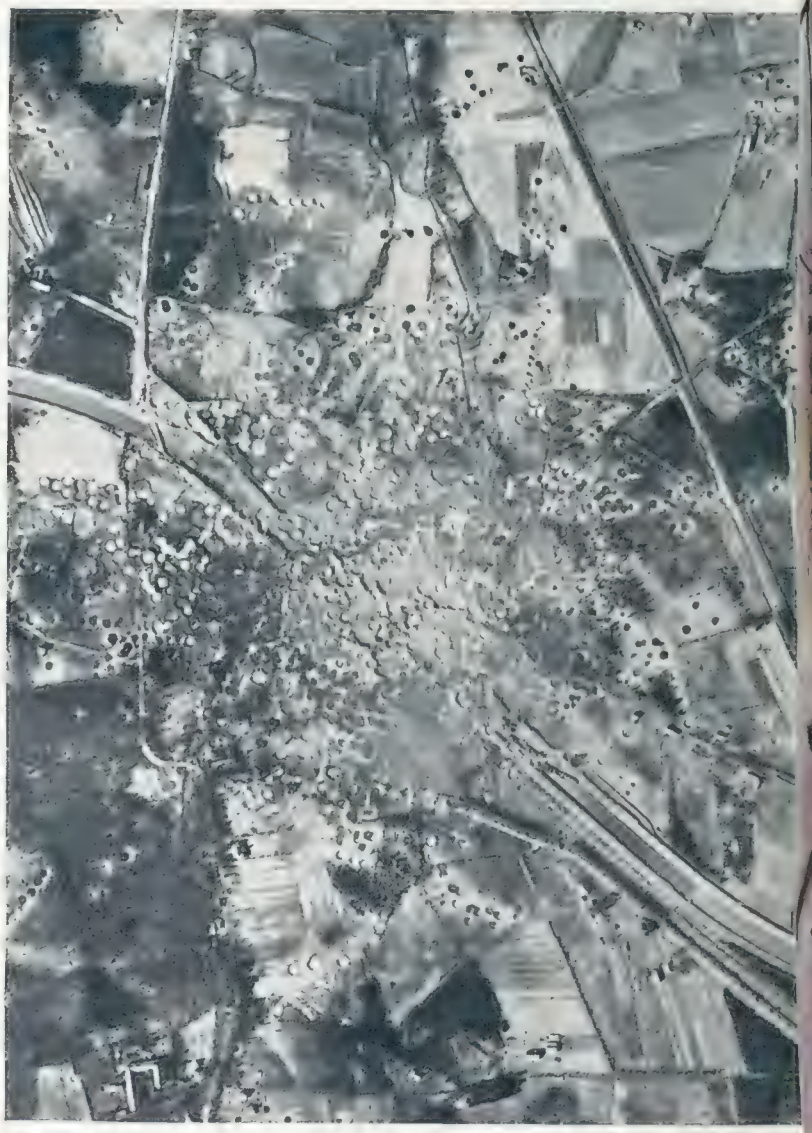
On left—

This outstanding picture was taken by Mustang pilots just thirty seconds after P47 Thunderbolts of the Ninth Air Force had dropped their bombs on the great chemical works of the I.G. Farbenindustrie at Leverkusen on the River Rhine five miles north of Cologne : the factory was believed to have been producing fuel for Nazi V-bombs.

Destruction of such strategic targets deep in Germany has, heretofore, been the role of American and British heavy bombers ; but now the tactical fighter-bombers are including such plants in their sweeps and are diving in at low altitudes to dive-bomb and strafe such fixed installations.

This assault on vital German war plants is in addition to the non-stop assaults of enemy transports and lines of communication immediately behind the fighting lines.

A RHINE RIVER TOWN—IMPORTANT TROOP COMMUNICATIONS CENTRE—is bombed by American Marauders during the battle for Cleve : Rees was an important enemy centre 11 miles east of Cleve. It was here that German troops were ferried across the Rhine to fight against the First Canadian Army during the battle for Cleve. The picture above was taken a few moments before B-26 Marauders of the Ninth Air Force attacked this important ferry-point. Later, the same town was bombed by Mitchells and Bostons of the R.A.F. The object of these attacks was to create "choke-points" amongst the German troops and supplies moving up to counter the new offensive of the British and Canadian forces. Bombs destroyed many buildings and completely blocked many of the roads leading down to the river



A BOMBER COMMAND ATTACK ON GERMANY'S INLAND COMMUNICATIONS : The famous Mittelland Canal is again destroyed. This R.A.F. reconnaissance photograph was taken on the night of February 22 : it shows the result of the attack carried out by heavy British bombers on the Mittelland Canal, near Gravenhorst, on the previous evening. This canal is an important by-canal of the more important Dortmund-Ems Canal (also heavily attacked by the R.A.F. on more than one occasion) and is called the "Little Land Canal." It was previously attacked on January 1 by R.A.F. Bomber Command, and was, on that occasion, completely put out of action. The Germans worked hard, however, and had practically got it repaired when another force struck on February 21-22, with the devastating result seen in this picture

MOSQUITO ATTACKS ON GERMAN RAILWAYS : Damage to the important railway station and junction at Soltau, north of Hanover. The Mosquito swooped twice to extremely low level and attacked with bombs and cannon-fire. At the time of the attack, four trains with locomotives (with steam up) were standing at four of the five platforms. One passenger train of twenty-seven coaches has received a direct hit, derailing a coach and cutting two tracks at a cross-point section

AT VISSELHOVEDE, WEST OF SOLTAU AND NORTH OF HANOVER : Two bomb-craters can be seen half-severing the central platform of the railway station and completely severing the two central tracks. A pilot and navigator (both of Queensland, Australia) now serving with an Australian Mosquito Squadron of the R.A.F. Second Tactical Air Force on the Continent, had a grand party during the air onslaught on Western Germany on February 22. They patrolled a large area north of Hanover and east of Bremen, and within the space of a few minutes caused considerable damage to the German railway system. Their Mosquito aircraft carried an automatic camera, which recorded every detail of the attacks, and the two pictures reproduced here vividly illustrate the success which attended their operations

BOMBS FALL ON THE GERMAN RAILYARDS AT ANSBACH : This attack was carried out by Flying Fortresses of the Eighth Air Force. The missiles are actually seen falling in this picture

AN ATTACK ON GERMANY'S RAIL COMMUNICATIONS : An example of a perfect assault by a small formation of Mitchell medium bombers. Taking part in the massive raids carried out on February 22 on enemy communications, one small formation was briefed to destroy a rail-canal crossing at Coevden, on the north-west frontier of Germany. This picture shows how the mediums carried out their task, with their loads of bombs concentrated right on the target. Precision bombing by day has now become almost an exact art in both the British and American Air Forces

On left—The bombs are falling on and around the vital railway marshalling yards, making tangled wreckage of the German transport bundled in the yards, which were loaded with supplies for German troops on the Western Front. Smoke-bombs preceded the high-explosives. As the smoke began to clear, cameras in the Fortresses were enabled to catch a picture of the devastation wrought to another German transportation link

P.R.U. (PHOTOGRAPHIC RECONNAISSANCE UNIT)

What it has Meant to the Armies in the Field, and How the R.A.F. Units Carry Out Their Work

A First-Hand Report by CHARLES GRAVES

ALL TYPES AND SIZES OF CAMERAS FOR USE OVER ENEMY TERRITORY: Instrument workers of the R.A.F. testing them before being installed in Mosquito aircraft engaged on reconnaissance flights

FOR years the Photographic Reconnaissance Unit of the R.A.F. was so secret that even its initials (P.R.U.) were deleted by the censor, as, for example, when they appeared in a verse about gremlins in *The Thin Blue Line*, which I wrote in 1941.

To-day the Photographic Reconnaissance Unit has been allowed to shed much of its cloak of mystery. But even now the gallant aircrews of Wellingtons (yes, Wellingtons), Spitfires and Mosquitoes regard themselves as the Cinderellas of the R.A.F. where public recognition is concerned.

Actually, the first photographic reconnaissance carried out by P.R.U. was on November 15, 1939. The pilot had been briefed to take photographs of the Siegfried Line. In point of fact, he went somewhat off his course and took some delightful pictures of Malmedy and Eupen. As it turned out, those photographs proved most useful later on, but it took the photographic interpreters a little time to plot the exact location.

It often happens that aerial photographs taken by the P.R.U. inadvertently produce valuable information. Almost any photograph taken behind the German lines can produce some lucky-dip result.

There are various forms of luck in connection with the reconnaissance photographs. When one of our aircraft, following a tip, went to Peenemund to take photographs on the off-chance of revealing information about V-weapons, it happened to take a photograph at the exact moment when one of the V-weapons was exposed to view for a few moments on the ground 20,000 ft. below. If the photograph had been taken an hour later or earlier, it might not have disclosed the actual existence of England's future scourge. Equally, the German aerodrome decoy fires were discovered accidentally by P.R.U. Other examples of good luck have often been provided by aerial photographs taken of a specific "target." For in addition to the actual spot deliberately photographed, the camera's eye has disclosed valuable information within a few hundred yards. Thus a photograph taken of a stretch of roadway might cover an enemy aerodrome housing the latest and unidentified German aircraft not yet used operationally. Our experts on the Continent and in London know about many such types from early photographs.

All this is grist to the mill. For every photograph—to change the metaphor—is milked by photographic interpreters. The procedure is that as soon as the reconnaissance aircraft has landed at its base, R.A.F. mechanics hurry to remove the camera magazines, which are in turn handed to a despatch rider. The latter roars off across the aerodrome to the Mobile Field Photographic Section, where the films are immediately developed. If the matter is urgent, the photographic interpreters look through them while the negatives are still wet. If they see anything of vital importance, they mark them with a yellow pencil and have copies rushed to the suitable officers.

HOW THE GIANT R.A.F. CAMERAS ARE INSTALLED: When over the target, these will automatically take the pictures, and thus provide the High Command with much of the information they desire to obtain

WHEN THE TARGET AREA HAS BEEN REACHED, and the exact objective "pin-pointed," the navigator in the P.R.U. aircraft operates the controls of the camera. This operation is usually performed both before and after an attack

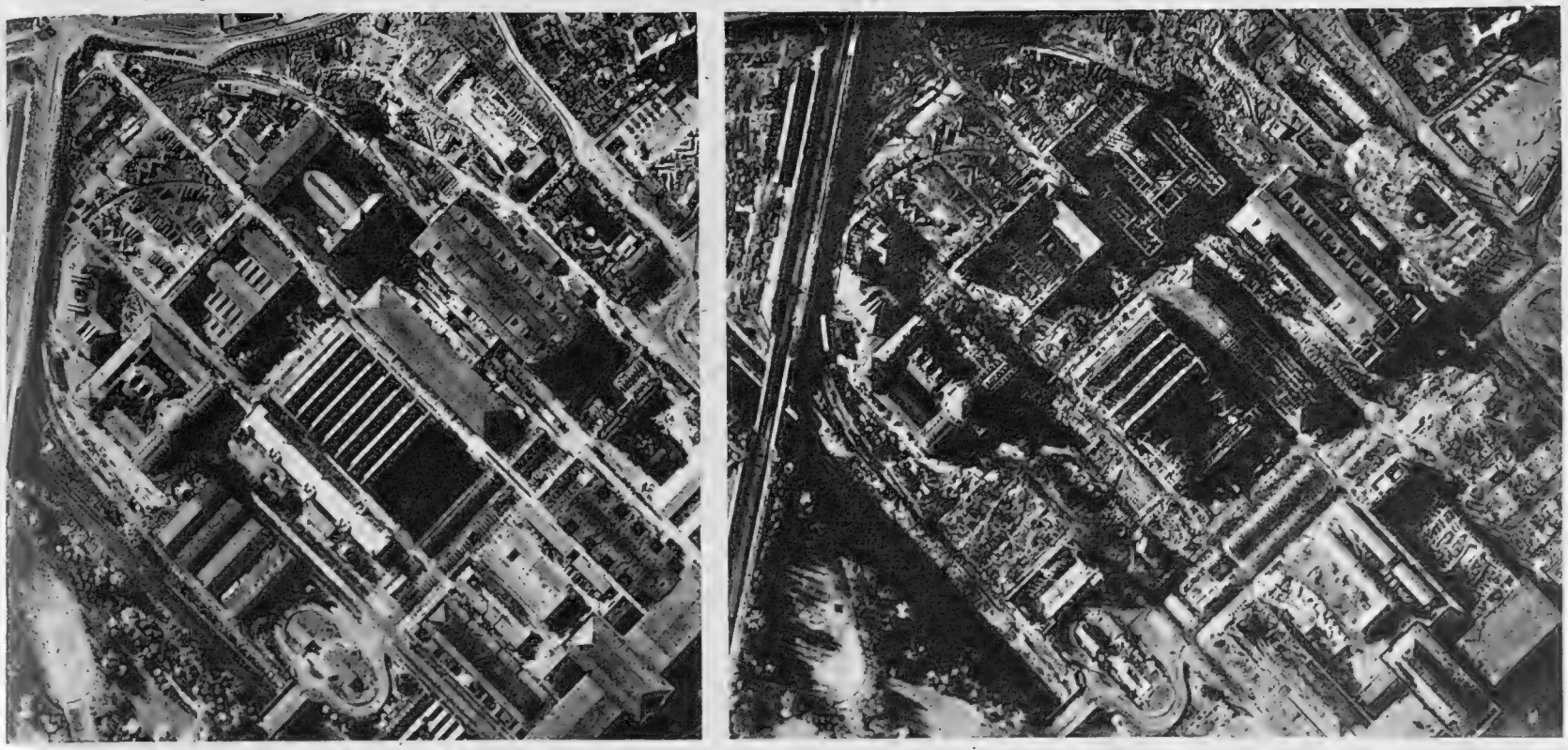
Out in Belgium, P.R.U. is working for the Second T.A.F., and, therefore, for the armies in the field, who are their main responsibility. It is their business to provide damage assessment, future targets and advance information about enemy movements. They even work for the Admiralty, providing information about E-boats, midget submarines, block ships and mine-laying activities. Many of their tasks are "laid on" through Second T.A.F. and Army liaison officers. These tasks—of providing special photographs of special areas—frequently lead to other photographs being flown (P.R.U. jargon for "taken"). The original photographs may have been flown to enable some tank Commander to know which way to go, but they frequently provide vital information in addition to their original purpose, which needs further investigation.

P.R.U. photographs go through three phases of examination. They are first examined stereoscopically by R.A.F. photographic interpreters for their immediate operational value. The second phase is when they are examined for the daily report on rail movements and enemy airfields. Simultaneously, the Army examines them for details of roads and enemy defences. The third phase occurs when they are handed over to research specialists, who may discover anything from the spoil left by an underground factory to a new type of jet plane.

Photographic interpretation is a fascinating study. Fortunately, the Germans were not track-conscious for the first three years of the war. They did not realise that English photographic lenses could be so perfect that they could show the footsteps of a single soldier who had walked over a meadow 20,000 ft. below. The fact remains that the lenses are so good that they will show whether the blades of grass have been bent by the weight of a man. In this way, the Germans' affection for putting flak guns in hedges was revealed on innumerable occasions. Mind you, the photographic interpreter needs to know the country the facets of which he is interpreting. To the man who does not know France, a French conical haystack can look like an Army tent. For a long time the local method of storing potatoes in silos was mistaken for networks of trenches. In Norway, the method of drying hay over a rack was confused with barbed wire. The German habit of spreading manure in small piles on the top of a field, thus leaving white spots when dug in, originally fooled the photographic interpreters into thinking that minefields had been laid.

Since D-Day over 17,000,000 prints have been developed as a result of photographic reconnaissance by the R.A.F. The photographs have been taken by day and by night; by an almost endless sequence of aircraft. P.R.U. aircraft have in some cases no protection at all except speed. In spite of this, more than one pilot has been able to claim an enemy destroyed. On one occasion a P.R.U. aircraft was jumped by two Messerschmitts. He jinked round the sky until both had apparently run out of ammunition, and one had run out of petrol. Anyway, the first Messerschmitt went off home; the other flew alongside the other English aircraft, the pilot of which made rude signals at the Hun twelve yards away. This so infuriated the Hun that he pulled away and made a final attack on the English aircraft. The English pilot, his patience exhausted, swung round to meet the attack, knocked several feet off one of the Hun's wings, and had the satisfaction of seeing it dive straight into the ground. The English aircraft on this occasion was a Mosquito. On another occasion a Spitfire pilot was chased by a German jet plane. The Spitfire rolled over at 21,000 ft. and dived straight towards the deck. The jet plane followed impetuously, its pilot thinking that he could pull out of his dive just as well as the Spitfire. That is where he was wrong. The Spitfire returned happily to base after witnessing the jet plane's headlong crash into the ground.

Yes, in spite of their frequent lack of armament, pilots have little fear of armed enemy aircraft. They know that they can remain aloft longer and, in the case of jet planes, have much greater manœuvrability. I asked one pilot of an unarmed



WHAT THE P.R.U. PLANES DO: Before and after reconnaissance pictures of the heavy attack on the World's Fair Building at Leipzig, which was carried out by Bomber Command on December 4, 1943, with devastating effect

Photographic reconnaissance provided conclusive proof of the shattering effect of the 1,500-ton attack on Leipzig in the early hours of December 4, 1943. First attempts to secure photographs were hampered because the city was almost completely hidden under a smoke-pall from fires started by the Lancasters and Halifaxes. Before the attack, Leipzig—fifth largest city in Germany and comparable with Berlin and Hamburg in industrial importance—had only once been heavily hit. Thick cloud covered the city when the heavy bombers arrived, yet so accurately had the Pathfinders placed their "target indicator" flares that many targets of high priority were hit. The great buildings which, in pre-war years, housed Leipzig's famous Fairs had been turned over to assembly and repair of aircraft. Practically every building in the 100 or so acres covered by the Fair site was severely damaged—many of them literally razed. This picture shows the very severe damage. Many of the buildings are completely devastated, and most of the others very little more than heaps of burned and blasted wreckage

aircraft whether he liked being taken off armed reconnaissance to P.R.U. work. His reply was: "When I had cannon, I practically never saw the Luftwaffe, and so my time was wasted. Now, whether or not I see the Luftwaffe, I know that I am doing the job."

P.R.U. pilots often have to rely largely on their wits for survival. They have fewer aids to navigation. Unfortunately, too, there is no way of making a hole in the bottom of their aircraft so that they can be sure that they are really covering their target when taking photographs. What they have to do is to tip up the wing as they approach the area to be photographed, so as to make quite sure that they have lined up the target correctly.

In the early days, the cameras were placed in the wings at points where the cannon used to be. It was soon found, however, that there was not sufficient depth to house the 36-in. focal length of the cameras there, and so the cameras are now placed in the fuselage behind the head of the pilot. These cameras weigh, with their ancillary gear, over a hundredweight, and it is a tremendous tribute to the design of a Spitfire that it will fly so brilliantly when modified so drastically for its P.R.U. role.

Spitfire pilots like to fly 30,000 ft., but if there is any risk of trail condensation, or if there is high priority on a small target, they may fly several thousand feet lower. But once they get under 18,000 ft. they can expect a very short life, even if they duck in and out of the clouds.

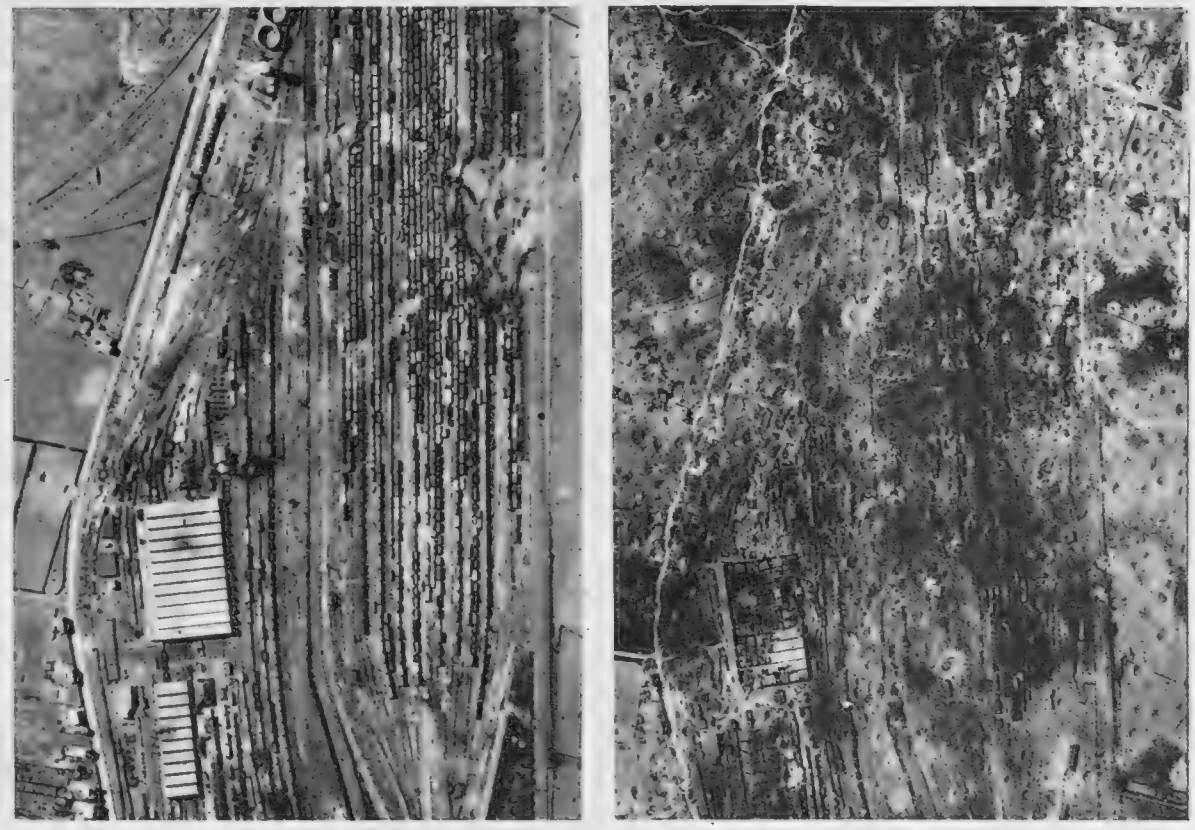
One of the disadvantages of being a P.R.U. pilot is that enemy aircraft may see from at least 400 yards away when an English aircraft is unarmed. On the other hand, if there is a lack of armament, this provides an extra 20 miles per hour, as well as an extra hour or so of flying time.

P.R.U. cameras have two types of magazines, containing respectively 125 and 250 films, as well as five kinds of lenses suitable for photographing targets at different heights. There is, too, an oblique camera used for photography at nought feet, when it is vital to know if, for example, the medium bombers have really blown a bridge or have near-missed it. This "dicing" with death is only demanded of P.R.U. pilots on rare occasions.

It will be noticed that all this photographic reconnaissance is done mechanically by cameras which are set in motion by the pilot or navigator when he reckons that he is over his chosen target. Visual reconnaissance is evidently impossible from 30,000 ft., even by day. At night, Mosquitoes use photo-flashes (2 ft. long, 4 or 5 in. in diameter and capable of exploding at predetermined heights), Spitfires only flying by day. Wellingtons, by contrast, only fly by night, but whereas the Mosquitoes fly 8,000 or more feet above ground, the Wellingtons are only a few hundred feet up. Their reconnaissance is largely visual. In other words, the air crews watch what they can see in their target area when they drop their 25-lb. flares. One would have thought that the Wellington would be regarded as obsolescent, if not obsolete, by the R.A.F., in view of its now comparatively low flying feet. The fact remains that the Wellington crews like their aircraft. They regard them as sedate and gentlemanly, with much more endurance and toughness of construction than Mosquitoes and Spitfires.

Night reconnaissance by P.R.U. aircraft is always tactical, seldom strategic as it is by day. A pilot will be briefed to fly along 10 or 15 miles of enemy roads, will reach his starting-point and drop bundles of flares every two or three minutes to see what can be seen. Each bundle will illuminate a circular mile as clearly as daylight. One Wellington pilot told me that the best sight he ever saw was a convoy of over forty enemy lorries. On another occasion he saw a whole trainful of enemy tanks. Normally, the bomb-aimer—or, rather, the man who would be the bomb-aimer if the aircraft carried bombs—is the chief spotter. The pilot can only look out of his side-window, while the tail-gunner's eyes are usually looking upwards to anticipate enemy aircraft reaction. Sometimes the Wellingtons fly only 50 ft. above the ground.

P.R.U. aircraft have done numbers of invaluable jobs since D-Day. They have pin-pointed the exact spots for airborne landings at places like Arnhem; they discovered the V-1 sites; they found the *Bismarck* near Bergen and the *Scharnhorst* at La Pallice. They first reported the jet plane on the Western Front. They are continuously having "press-on" days when vital information has to be secured.



AT THE AULNOYE RAILWAY YARDS: *On left*—After two attacks in March and April 1944, but before the concentrated attack by Bomber Command on the night of April 27-28, 1944. *On right*—After the attack of April 27-28—almost complete obliteration

The photograph on the right, taken at Aulnoye, shows that the attack was well concentrated, and the damage very heavy, especially in the area of the sorting sidings. Each of the thirty-two tracks in this area was cut in several places, and damage and destruction amongst the large concentration of rolling-stock was very severe indeed. There was 80 per cent. damage to the large carriage and wagon repair shops, and also to the smaller carriage and repair shop. Six small workshops and sheds were also destroyed or severely damaged. Branch lines leading to the locomotive depot in the south-west part of the yard were cut in several places, and the fly-over (carrying tracks from the sorting yard over the spur to the locomotive depot) and the two road bridges south of the fly-over were completely destroyed. In the picture, it will be observed that tracks have been cut and rolling-stock scattered in complete confusion. The road at the left of the picture, which was devastated by the bombing, had been put into use again—and the series of curves which form the road were made by vehicles and people passing over it. The same type of paths can be seen in the railway yards, and were made by people trying to get to the scene of devastation

THE FIRST PICTURE OF THE MAN WHO IS ALLEGED TO HAVE ASSASSINATED THE EGYPTIAN PREMIER: A radio portrait of Mahmoud Issawi, detained in Cairo gaol by the Egyptian Secret Police, who is stated to have killed the late Ahmed Maher Pasha

THE OPENING OF THE ECONOMIC NEGOTIATIONS WITH THE SWISS GOVERNMENT IN BERNE. A scene during the inaugural session, which opened in the Grand Hall of the Bernerhof, a wing of the Federal Palace: At 4 p.m. on Monday, February 12, in Berne, British, French and American diplomatic representatives met the Swiss to discuss future economic relationships. From left to right in this picture are—M. Jean Verge, French chargé d'affaires in Berne, representing his Government pending the arrival of the head of the French delegation, M. Charguerand; Mr. Clifford Norton, British Minister in Berne; Mr. Dingle Foot, Parliamentary Secretary to the British Ministry of Economic Warfare and Member of the Government; Mr. Laughlin Currie, representing President Roosevelt and head of the American delegation; and Mr. Huddle, U.S. chargé d'affaires in Berne (in the absence of the Minister, Mr. Harriman)

WARTIME ACTIVITIES

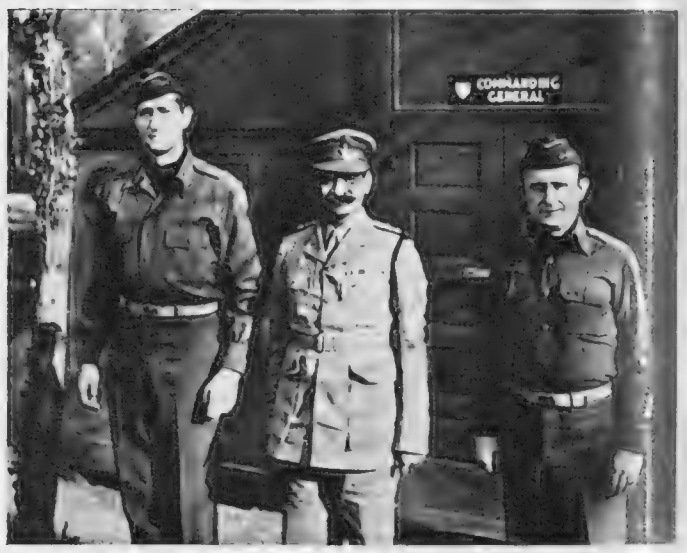
In Many Different Parts of the Globe

—Selected from Photographs Received in London During the Past Week

ALLEGED GREEK COLLABORATIONISTS on trial in Athens: The trials of thirty-three men who held Cabinet, or under-secretarial, positions in Greece during the German occupation opened in Athens on February 21. Twenty-five men faced the court, among them two former Premiers. Of the remaining eight men, four are in enemy-occupied territory, three are dead and one is in Cairo. In this picture are four of the accused. Seated (left to right) are MM. Tsolakoglou, Pournaras and Kanakousaris. Standing in the centre, wearing a leather overcoat and monocle, is M. John Rallis, Premier of Greece until the Allies arrived

***On right*—Swiss nationals living in Germany are now returning to their homeland, as the Russian armies advance towards the heart of Germany. Food rations have been cut, and living conditions are getting more and more difficult. The problem of housing the thousands of refugees who continue to arrive from the Eastern provinces, and the non-stop Allied air attacks on the Reich's important communications and industrial centres, have completely upset the Nazi civil administration. Here a Swiss Customs official in the border town of Kronslingen is looking after a number of young children while their parents go through the usual border formalities, after crossing the frontier from Germany**

SWISS NATIONALS RETURN FROM BATTLE-SCARRED GERMANY: a scene at the border



AN INDIAN MAHARAJAH visits 15th Army Group Headquarters in Italy: The Maharajah of Dewas has just paid an informal visit to General Mark Clark, Commander-in-Chief of the Allied Armies in Italy, at 15th Army Group Headquarters. The Maharajah is a platoon commander, with the rank of Captain, and served two years in the desert. He is a ruling prince in his own country, and his province of Dewas is one of the Central Provinces of India. From left to right above are General Mark Clark, the Maharajah and Major-General Gruenther, Chief of Staff, Fifth Army

EIGHTH ARMY SUPPLY ROADS IN ITALY ARE FLOODED: Repairs and maintenance of the existing roads are continually in progress, as shown in this picture. A sudden thaw has caused the flooding of one of the main Eighth Army supply roads. When this picture was taken (on February 12), supplies had to be taken by trucks as far as the flooded area, then transferred to boats, or carried over a temporary footbridge, and reloaded into trucks on the far side. An alternative route made a 15-mile detour over very bad roads, running the gauntlet for the last two miles under enemy observation. The whole front in this area is reported to be a sea of mud

IN ITALY: A New Zealand strong-point only 1,000 yards from the enemy. Just over 1,000 yards from the enemy on the Eighth Army sector is a New Zealand strong-point containing 5 Browning machine-guns, similar to those used in aircraft. The strong-point is situated in an old farmhouse. Slits have been cut in the walls, and the Brownings placed a yard apart. Each gun fires between 400 and 500 rounds per minute, and belts are made up of anti-personnel, tracer, ball and incendiary bullets. The guns are normally used in armoured cars, which cannot operate in this area

THE NEW G.O.C. arrives in West Africa from Moscow: Lieut.-General M. Brocas Burrows, C.B., D.S.O., M.C., the new General Officer Commanding-in-Chief, succeeds Lieut.-General Sir Francis P. Nosworthy in the task of maintaining the West African Expeditionary Force, now engaged against the Japanese in Burma. General Burrows was head of the British Military Mission in Moscow, and was Military Attaché in Rome at the time of Italy's entry into the war. Here he is being introduced to Brigadier C. E. M. Richards (on right)

THE NEW GOVERNOR-GENERAL OF AUSTRALIA: The Duke of Gloucester is sworn in at Parliament House, in Canberra. Captain Bracegirdle, the Duke's official secretary, is reading the Commission: in the group, from left to right, are—The Chief Justice of the High Court, Sir John Latham; Mrs. Curtin (wife of the Prime Minister); the Duke and Duchess; and Mr. John Curtin. Behind are—Mr. Ian Emerton (Usher of the Black Rod); Captain Wynter; Major Hawkins; Brigadier Schreiber; and Lieut.-Commander Robertson and Captain Ramsay—members of the Duke's personal staff

THE NEW GOVERNOR-GENERAL OF SOUTH AUSTRALIA: An informal picture taken in the grounds of Government House, Sydney, before the Governor and his family left for their new home in Adelaide. From left to right are—Miss Eleanor Kearans, Miss Rosemary Norrie, Lady Norrie, Guy and George Norrie and the newly-appointed Governor, Sir Willoughby Norrie

THE DIRECTOR-GENERAL OF THE R.A.M.C. IN THE MIDDLE EAST: Lieut.-General Sir Alexander Hood, K.C.B., C.B.E., Director-General, R.A.M.C., has held a series of conferences in the Middle East following an extensive tour of medical services in India and South-East Asia Command. Here he is seen addressing officers and nursing sisters at a conference at the 15th Scottish General Hospital, Middle East. Third from the left is Major-General J. C. A. Dowse, C.B.E., M.C., Director of Medical Services, Middle East

THE R.A.F. HELPS TO FEED MARSHAL TITO'S FORCES IN YUGOSLAVIA: A Liberator silhouetted against the snow as it approaches the dropping point near a town. Marshal Tito's forces, fighting the Germans in Yugoslavia, are being fed and clothed mainly through the efforts of crews of the Liberators, Wellingtons and Halifaxes of an R.A.F. Heavy Bomber Group of the Balkan Air Force. They have recently dropped nearly 1,000 tons of food, ammunition, medical supplies, clothing, boots and arms to Marshal Tito's Forces. South African Air Force Liberators are concerned with R.A.F. Squadrons in maintaining this supply line to Marshal Tito. This picture illustrates the dropping of supplies on the snow-covered countryside over which the "heavies" operate. It is by no means an easy task because of the nature of the country, some of the most hazardous in Europe

A FAMOUS GOLFER, now a pilot in the Middle East, still keeps up his game at Cairo: Lieut. A. D. ("Bobby") Locke, a pilot in the South African Air Force, has recently arrived on duty in the Middle East. He is a South African well known in English golfing circles before the war; recently, at Gazira Sporting Club, he beat the course record with a 65. At seventeen, "Bobby" Locke won both the South African Open and Amateur competitions. He set up a new record at Portmarnock in beating Henry Cotton by one hole with a 69, to win the final of the Irish Open. He is the present holder of the Dutch and South African Opens, and in 1938 he won the New Zealand Open. He has been in the South African Air Force since 1940

NEW LAMPS and OLD

A Fortnightly Causerie on Life and Letters

By JOHN GORE

A RECIPE FOR PRESERVING JAM.—In Rosebery's *Pitt*, I think, occurs the observation that no English Premier ever wanted war or ever stood to gain by war, vis-à-vis his own reputation. Even if victorious in the end, the Premier gets all the kicks and the Generals all the glory. The observation is open to criticism from the purely personal and selfish point of view of the Premier and his reputation. Churchill and Lloyd George and Pitt all in lesser or greater degree owe their high niches in history to our great wars. But as statesmen and patriots of the highest order, they would be the first to agree that, wars being wholly evil, destructive and disruptive of a nation's harmony and system, no English premier ever wanted war or failed to do his best to avoid or end war. All wars are disruptive, they lead to swift and often rash revolutions, whether constitutionally or by force accomplished; and those revolutions often sweep away, with much that is outworn or rotten, much more that still could bear the tests of time and redound to a country's greatness and prosperity. And no war has proved more swiftly destructive nor produced a more sweeping and thorough social revolution in Britain than Hitler's war.

My theme in this paper is quite important to all who regard themselves as "housewives" of our ancient constitution and traditions, and have an earnest desire to preserve effectively our national jam.

Jam yesterday, jam to-day, jam to-morrow? There is little enough jam to-day, and in our enthusiasm for the high hopes of jam to-morrow, we are apt, and shall be prone, to scrap the relics of yesterday's jam without due care and discrimination, in order to clear our shelves for to-morrow's jam. A homely but not inept simile; and my aim, as a Liberal-Conservative, is to examine the best methods of preserving what remains sweet of the jam of yesterday still on our shelves. It is (like editing) all a question of discrimination, the difficult art of selection and rejection; the happy marriage of a sense of the past with the realism of the day, a right reading of history combining with a right reading of the skies and stars. Or, in a single word, *Compromise.*

A LAKELAND TRACT JUST PRESENTED TO THE NATION: The National Trust have just announced that they have been given Low and High Arnside Farms, a property of 310 acres which will form a valuable addition to the Monk Coniston Estate. The new property, which lies a little to the north of Tarn Hows, presented fifteen years ago by Sir F. H. Scott, is given by his family and some of his friends in memory of Philip Scott, Captain, 60th Rifles. The land rises to a height of 750 ft., commands uninterrupted views north-west to Little Langdale, west to Tilberthwaite and Wetherlam, and south-west to Yewdale and Coniston, and is traversed by a footpath from Skelwith to the Tarns

Compromise.—Compromise is not a pretty or popular word and has not been so since 1938. It is tarred with the brush of vacillation, hesitancy, cowardice, weak submission to tyranny. It has come to mean compromise with honour. Yet still as of old compromise is the first nostrum of political progress in international and national affairs, and never more so than in a democracy governed under a system of political parties. When Robinson Crusoe wished to save something useful from the wreck, he cut out round it what he couldn't carry away or what was of less importance, in order to free the valuable which he could handle and turn to his advantage on his island. That was compromise, or selection and rejection, wisely exercised.

Exactly in the same way a man who is devoted to the recreation of watching cricket and has stored memories of famous Test matches and county championship games, when viewing the post-war possibilities of reviving the "great days" of cricket, may well decide that our late revolution will have put finis to timeless cricket, ill-paid county professionals, and all the clamjamfry of county and international games. But his devotion to cricket as a game remains, and rather than not watch the game again, he will compromise his ideals and save something from the wreck. He will perhaps "write-off" Test matches. He will convince himself that the new economic condition of English life will inevitably emasculate county cricket and strengthen the one-day cricket of the rich northern clubs. The star professionals, he will judge, will be drawn away to higher salaries and the one-day games of Yorkshire and Lancashire club teams, and their presence there will make club cricket the star cricket of to-morrow. So he will *embrace that movement*, and fall back upon it, and waste no more time in seeking to revive the impossible.

I myself feel that way as regards cricket and other good things of the past, and I see sense in compromise in order to save something from the wreck.

Hereditary Legislators.—For of this I am sure. There has been a wreck. Our ancient Constitution and its institutions are in the melting-pot, and many of them will be dissolved, some good, some bad, some clearly outworn, and some which, wisely handled, might usefully and profitably survive. I am sure of the wreck, and I am by no means sure of the public mind during the next few years of test and possible disillusionment. It may be we shall all quieten down and that our politics may grow restrained. It may be that fierce flames of political and party controversy will sweep across Britain, as they are doing in many another war-worn country. If that happens, many of the old institutions which had their roots in days of Privilege and Leisure (but which, rationalised, remodelled and brought up-to-date by compromise, might still serve a useful purpose or redound to our national dignity and greatness) may well be swept away incontinent.

I have taken one or two trivial examples. There are many of real importance. Take, for example, our Second Chamber. Shorn of much of its former power, it is still a useful brake on wild legislation and a very experienced and expert debating chamber for the ventilation of important current problems. But its hereditary principle is anomalous.

Evolution or Revolution?—Efforts to rationalise the House of Lords have often been tried and have always failed because, as a problem, no one party or majority (or even minority) have ever yet felt strongly enough about it, one way or t' other. But that does not guarantee that, when more urgent problems are settled, this reform will not be very strongly pressed. For more and more people grow convinced that the surviving legislative privileges of an hereditary aristocracy are too important to remain as they are, even though the old system "works pretty well" by the favour of the intelligent or dutiful few. How can what remains sound in this institution be secured against a sudden chance burst of petulance? Only by rationalising it *now*. So long as a single legal precedent stands in the way of the creation of life peerages, so long will there be a danger of a sudden upheaval of irritation against the absurdity of giving to a green and untried boy, a third-rate film actor, a gossip writer or a down-and-out, the privilege of direct control over the framing of the laws of a democratic country.

Easy, tolerant men argue: "Let it alone; evolution will do the trick. Look at the peerage from the social point of view. The system is gradually dying. Dukes and marquises are obviously not in tune with the economic stringency of our day and you will observe that no duke has been created (below the Royal Family) since the '70's of last century. Probably Wellington and Reading will prove the last creations of marquises—always a rather foolish and foreign title. Hereditary barons must still be created so long as the Wensleydale case rules the roost in the Upper House, but public opinion is gradually beginning to see absurdity in the bestowal of *steps* in the peerage as a reward of service."

To my mind, that argument, if based on truth, is short-sighted. We do not know when public opinion may flame out and sweep away incontinent a Second Chamber in entirety, with its advantages and anomalies or frailties.

I am a passionate upholder of tradition so long as tradition is suffered to march in tune with progress or change of thought. Where it is suffered to rust and creak, I find my irritation rises against it.

The Garter.—Nothing more picturesque is found among our institutions of Privilege than the Noble Order of the Garter. Originally, it was designed as a true Order of Chivalry, a sort of combined V.C.-O.M. for young Bayards. It was debased by Charles II and by Walpole, until in the Victorian Age it came to be an hereditary perquisite of every "Duke of Omnium." In that debased form it remains to-day. Yet anyone who thinks at all must see that its day is nearly over. It does not go with boiler-suits and "true democracy." It belonged to the days of Leisure, Privilege, Show and Ceremony, and of a lauded noble order. I would rather see it go while the going is good, to remain a fragrant memory of stately and picturesque old days, than see it one day kicked out by tub-thumpers and thrown with catcalls on the midden. That is how I see things of this kind, trivial or of constitutional importance. *Laissez-faire* is not enough. Evolution takes too long.

Myself, I am clear in my own mind that still to-day much of this prating and boosting about true democracy is largely hypocrisy or muddled thinking. All parties indulge in the prating, glibly. I doubt if a majority of politicians or private citizens in Britain have a clear definition of what they mean by the word, or if they have, an assured belief that it is yet the best form of Government for Britain. For my part, I believe that until national education has had a real chance to work, we are best governed by the true ideal of aristocratic government—by an aristocracy based on *merit*. And the reason why I want the absurdities and anomalies of the Upper House and the hereditary principle (its legislative privileges and its now anomalous ranks, titles and courtesy titles) revised and pruned *now*, is because I believe that no better stem on which to graft a new system of Second Chamber Government can be found than the cleaned and pruned stem of the old hereditary chamber, reduced by selection and strengthened by new (and not hereditary) blood; strengthened by merit drawn from every class and type, from the humblest to the highest.

The New London Stage Productions

Reviewed by PHILIP PAGE

MADAME LOUISE (Garrick.)—Although Charpentier's lovely opera *Louise* is likely to stick in my memory longer than this farce, I cannot refrain from handing lots of bouquets to its author, Mr. Vernon Sylvaine. For it is really funny. And there are surely few things in the world of the theatre more formidable than the creation of funny "knock-about" stuff, since the resources are so few and the situations necessarily so familiar, most of them having done duty for decades. What are they? Female impersonation, males divested of trousers, marital infidelity, falling down violently on the part of the body on which one sits, and, of course, comic parsons. In this case, the parson, a bishop, was admirably played by Mr. Eric Page (no relation), who retained both his dignity and his breeches. All this can be found in *Madame Louise*, a story about a ladies' costume shop in W.1, taken over from a mildly incompetent little manager (Mr. Robertson Hare, in a morning-coat) by Mr. Alfred Drayton (a thug-like racing man from Brighton, dressed for the part). The complications, involving both Mr. Drayton and Mr. Hare dressing as women, are neither novel nor unexpected. Yet, immaculate though the acting is of the Hare-Drayton team and, indeed, of all concerned, considerable credit must go to the author. He and his principals are well served by a strong company, notably by Miss Ruth Maitland as a by no means unattractive ogre of a wife; by Miss Lesley Brook, as a pretty little shop assistant, with subtlety as well as beauty, and by a small group of Betty Grable-ish mannequins. I laughed a lot.

Laura (St. Martin's).—No greater contrast could be imagined than this play founded on a successful novel which was successfully filmed. The stage version was my first acquaintance with *Laura*—which, it is only fair to mention, is a murder play and not intended to be funny—and I was by no means alone in having the greatest difficulty in discovering what it was about. If Act I was intended as an explanation, for it consisted entirely of talk, it failed lamentably; those oceans of verbosity explained nothing. Stage interest being so utterly lacking, possibly Miss Sonia Dresdel was justified in piling on the staginess in her own performance; she cannot be blamed for having a poor part in a poor play. Mr. Raymond Lovell just had to wander about uttering dud Oscar Wilde-isms with plump dignity. I could not hear all of them. But I don't think it matters.

THE LIFEBOAT HAS JUST BEEN DROPPED FROM A WARWICK AIRCRAFT: it floats down on six parachutes quite near the distressed airmen seen in their rubber dinghy on the left

HOW THE LIFEBOAT DESCENDS AT AN EASY SPEED: it strikes the water right way up and is ready for instant occupation by the airmen

WITH SAIL SET AND ENGINES READY, a rescued crew set out for the voyage towards England. Everything on board is clearly marked to prevent mistakes by the amateur yachtsmen

More About the AIRBORNE LIFEBOAT of the R.A.F.

Recently in THE SPHERE, pictures were published showing the newest Air-Sea Rescue device of the R.A.F.—the airborne lifeboat. Here are additional pictures showing how the boat is actually dropped to airmen brought down over the sea. The lifeboat is now designated the Mark 1A: it is dropped from a height of approximately 700 ft. from Warwick aircraft specially adapted to carry the boat beneath their fuselage.

The lifeboat is 23 ft. long, with a beam of 5 ft. 6 ins.: it is fitted with two two-stroke engines, each of 4 h.p., besides a sail and oars. In its lockers are everything needed by men suffering from wet and exposure: there are warm, waterproof clothing, food and medical supplies, amongst other things. When the boat strikes the sea, an electro-explosive device releases the parachutes, and an immersion release fires two rockets carrying lifelines, which enable the airmen to haul themselves aboard.

The first rescue of a crew by airborne lifeboat was made on May 6, 1943. It will be observed that the boat is lowered by means of six parachutes, and that on striking the water it falls right way up.

THE AIR CREW IN THEIR OWN DINGHY make for the lifeboat dropped in the sea only a few yards away by the Warwick plane

CHANGING FROM DINGHY TO AIRCRAFT: the six men can easily be accommodated aboard. Note the parachute in the water at stern

The World of Books—By Vernon Fane

NEW WORKS BY WELL-KNOWN WRITERS

Poetry, Contemporary and Classic; War in China; Revolution in Russia; Detectives and Flying Bombs

WHEN a book continues to be read long after its author's death, it is generally because it expresses a new way of seeing life; its author is a pioneer, and like the scientist who discovers a new process, he enriches human knowledge and experience. Most of the authors and poets in any age, however, are content to use the discoveries of the pioneers, either in slightly new arrangements, which are sometimes mistaken for originality, or in sheer imitation. These writers may be compared with general practitioners and dispensing chemists. Often their "copies" are preferred by the reading public; they shock less and are more facile, and demand, like pre-digested food, less energy from the consumer.

Between the wars, there appeared in England two great poets, W. H. Auden and T. S. Eliot. Both brought a new view of the world, Mr. Auden seeing it as a sort of boisterous clinic managed by an evil reactionary board, but with a staff of well-intentioned psychiatrists and surgeons, and a number of inky

THE NOVELIST OF SOVIET RUSSIA DIES: The late Alexei Tolstoy. It was recently announced from Moscow that Alexei Nikolaevich Tolstoy, the Russian novelist and dramatist and Member of the Supreme Soviet of the U.S.S.R., had died at the age of sixty-two. With his death Russia loses a writer who held a high place in contemporary Soviet literature. He was a relative of the famous Count Leo Tolstoy. His last book, *Road to Calvary*, which won him the Stalin Prize in 1942, has just been published in this country and is reviewed in the accompanying article

second-form boys as patients. Mr. Eliot saw things much as a fortune-teller might who has pitched his tent in a cathedral. For years now, the younger generation of poets has imitated either the callous, vital Auden or the attenuated, plaintive Eliot.

My first thought in picking up **POETRY LONDON**, VOL. II, NUMBER TEN (Nicholson and Watson. 15s.) was to find a poet who could write from his own identity. I had not far to look. The first article by Mr. Tambimuttu, the Editor, quotes a number of poems by Keith Douglas, of which I give one in full:

TIME EATING.

Ravenous Time has flowers for his food
in Autumn, yet can cleverly make good
each petal; devours animals and men,
but for ten dead he can create ten.

If you inquire how secretly you 've come
to man-size from the smallness of a stone
it will appear his effort made you rise
so gradually to your proper size.

But as he makes he eats; the very part
where he began, even the elusive heart,
Time's ruminative tongue will wash
and slow juice masticate all flesh.

That volatile huge intestine holds
material and abstract in its folds:
thought and ambition melt and even the world
will alter, in that catholic belly curled.

But Time, who ate my love, you cannot make
such another; you can who can remake
the lizard's tail and the bright snakeskin
cannot, cannot. That you gobbled in
too quick, and though you brought me from a boy
you can make no more of me, only destroy.

It is a tragedy for English letters that Douglas has been killed in the war at the early age of twenty-four. Of the nearly two hundred other poems in this book, I prefer those that are written in more traditional forms (the form acting as an anti-body to the Eliot-Auden bug) such as the sonnets by T. W. Ramsey. I like the gay rhythms and gayer drawings of Stevie-Smith, and the facsimile of a poem by Augustus John with a flavour of Omar Khayyám. There are also some interesting articles on various "Points of View."

The cover design by Mr. Gerald Wilde is exciting and successful. His other illustrations tend to flamboyance, but he is obviously a sincere and passionate painter, and if he will use more restraint—an unusual criticism this, in a country where pictorial art is generally much too intellectual—I believe he will have a great future. May I suggest a Constantin Guys as his "pin-up"?

Mr. Tambimuttu who edits *Poetry London*, and his sponsor, Mr. John Roberts, are to be congratulated on overcoming the wartime difficulties and producing this stimulating book.

Although Mr. Clifford Bax admits "on the evidence of publishers, that poetry is not a popular excitement," he has nevertheless persevered with the compilation and editing of a particularly interesting new anthology. **VINTAGE VERSE** (Hollis and Carter. 10s. 6d.), with its charming wrapper printed with vine leaves and grapes, is a volume that bears very strongly the imprint of its editor. Mr. Bax has not only added a very full running commentary to each of the sections he has formed, but has "modernised" the poems of Chaucer and such pre-Spenserian poets as he quotes.

His own notes are typically personal, and occasionally frivolous, as when he writes of Milton's *L'Allegro*, "Despite his stern Puritanism, here is an immortal poem which shows that the poet was at least not sour," which seems a little underweight as a comment on that particular classic.

Sometimes his appreciations of a poet, while apt to be over-simplified, show that infectious enthusiasm which is the hall-mark of sincerity. Of Pope who "made malice fashionable," he writes: "There has been no literary domination comparable in length of time with that of Pope . . . he was so skilled a craftsman that any age must in some measure delight in the smooth, satinwood surface of his couplets." And elsewhere "so blinding was the brilliance of his technique that he ruled the kingdom of poetry right into the heyday of Byron."

Like all anthologies, this book is one to leave and return to, a book to keep by one's favourite chair for a propitious hour or two, though even a moment is long enough to read and to savour Frances Cornford's unforgettable lines:

"A young Apollo, golden-haired,
Stands dreaming on the verge of strife,
Magnificently unprepared
For the long littleness of life."

When Mr. Rhodes Farmer landed in Shanghai in 1937, he was a correspondent of the *Melbourne Herald* on a holiday tour, but he ran into enough trouble to keep him there for years and to make him a war correspondent overnight. He became, in fact, one of the most privileged correspondents in Chiang Kai-shek's China, saw the terror of warfare in China for over three years and finally was appointed the Generalissimo's editorial adviser. His accounts of these adventures, with some extremely personal ones of his own, are contained in **SHANGHAI HARVEST** (Museum Press. 15s.), a racily-written book of little reticence and much force.

When Mr. Farmer found himself in the middle of a war with the bombing of Shanghai, he became a war correspondent as a very natural reaction. He saw the terrible bombing of the Nanking Road, and with Shanghai in ruins haunted by the dead and the dying, decided to report back to his paper in Australia. It was just at that moment that he was offered the post of editorial adviser to Chiang Kai-shek, and flew into the interior, planning to hold the post for three months only.

He stayed three years instead through the most critical period of the "China incident," visiting the war fronts and flying over the Japanese positions. He grew to admire the Generalissimo and his famous wife greatly, and was responsible for the release of all the personal news stories about the celebrated couple.

The death was announced very recently, and within a day or two of the publication of his last novel, of Alexei Tolstoy, the most famous of contemporary Russian novelists. The writing of **ROAD TO CALVARY** (Hutchinson. 12s. 6d.), which is a trilogy, and occupies in its English edition six hundred and eighty close-packed pages, occupied Tolstoy from 1919 to 1941, and was finished at the time of Russia's entry into the war. It is in reality a picture of the Russian people during the tempestuous and crowded years from 1914 to 1920, but to give the narrative form and romantic interest, the author has taken two beautiful and gently-bred sisters of the St. Petersburg intelligentsia and followed their careers and those of their husbands through the glitter and corruption of the years immediately before the First World War; through the early excitements and elation of the revolution and its subsequent disillusion and humiliations, and into the horrors of civil war, in which the husbands fight on opposing sides.

In the final phase of the book emerges the first sign of an ordered plan for Russia, and, after years of separation, the sisters and their husbands are reunited by the clamour for reconstruction. The story is not confined to one locality or class of society, for in their struggle the characters move from the smother of wealthy, middle-class homes through the length and breadth of war and poverty-ridden Russia, from the snowy north to the sandy shores of Crimea.

Over it all, like a muffling cloud, there exists that introspective melancholy which has come to be associated with Russian philosophy; a streak of contemplative poetry which neither Tsar nor Soviet can alter; the essential spirit of the Russian people.

The author, who was a distant relative of the author of *War and Peace*, has been well served by his translator, Miss Edith Bone. The book was the Stalin Prize novel in its own country.

A TEA-PARTY AT THE PALACE, KHARTOUM: Two Gordon veterans seen at a reception given by Major-General Sir Hubert Huddleston, the Governor-General of the Anglo-Egyptian Sudan, to thirty-three Sudanese notables who served under General Charles Gordon during the siege of Khartoum. The one on the right is wearing a medal designed and struck by Gordon during the siege and presented by him. The other is reputed to be 130 years old

I 'LL NEVER LIKE FRIDAY AGAIN (Collins. 8s. 6d.) has, besides a promising title, a freshness of writing that is as welcome as the first note of the cuckoo and, like the cuckoo's song, tends to become rather more than irritating after a time. Mr. Stephen Maddock obviously knows one or two of the golden rules of detective-story construction, according to the newest blueprints. He has not one, but three slinky females of indistinguishable toughness, a male detective who presumably chews nails instead of cloves and a surly but human police inspector who refuses to "play along" with the manly sleuth.

Apart from those essentials, there is disappointingly little to recommend, although I kept feeling that there was a good story just round the corner, in this tale of spies and dope addicts.

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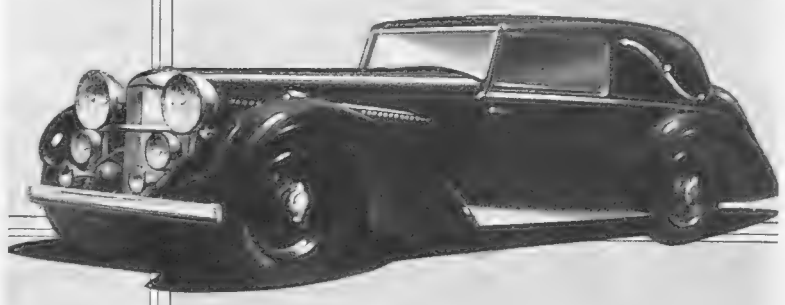

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Don't forget this label—it stands for the cosy comfort of Motoluxe Coats. For warm and fashionable wear this spring, you'll find Motoluxe coats are still obtainable, though they won't be plentiful till better times return. We're sorry we can't make any promises about Motoluxe rugs just now, but—they are well worth waiting for.

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Registered under the War Charities Act, 1940

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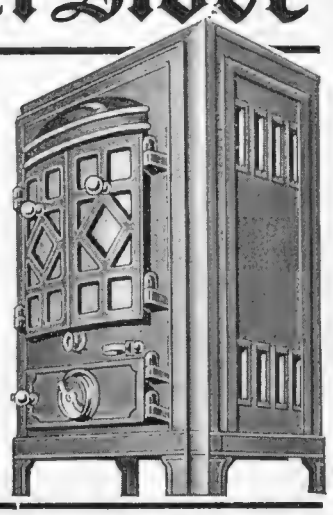

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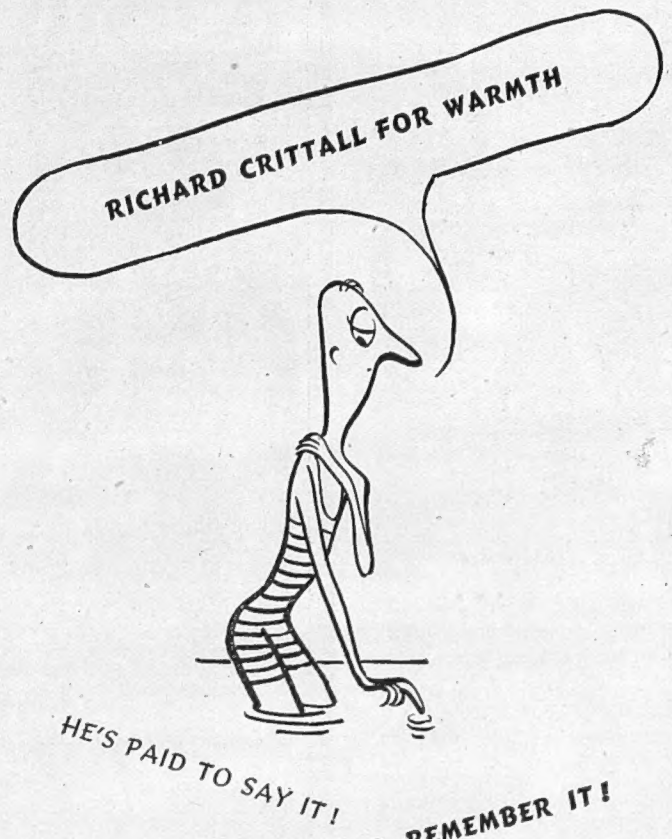

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It's Robertson's
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Golden Shred Works London Paisley Manchester Bristol

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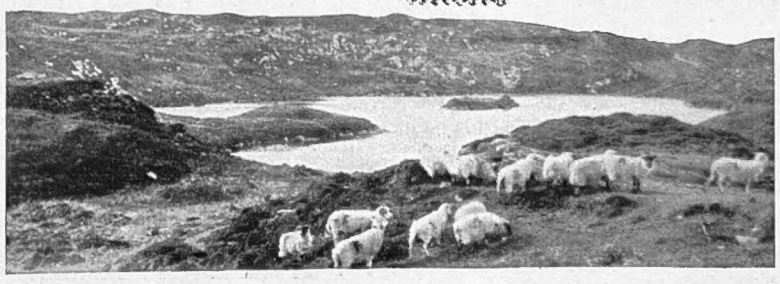
See the mark on the cloth; see the label on the garment; *then you know it is Harris Tweed*



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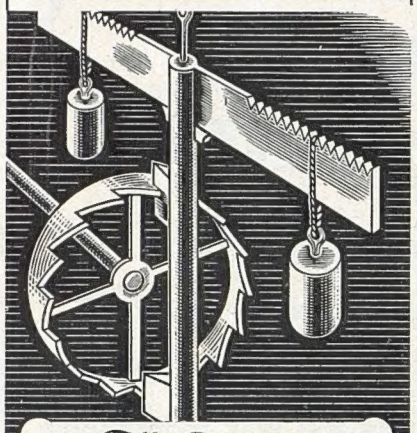

The First Mechanical Clocks

History tells us that the first mechanical clock was made in 1326 by Richard of Wallingford, an English monk. Motive power of early mechanical clocks was provided by a weight suspended from a rope coiled round a drum, the fall of the weight being slowed down by a heavy bar or "foliot" on top of a pivoted spindle pushed one way and then the other by a toothed wheel. Known as the "Verge," this type of escapement remained in use for over three centuries

SMITH SECTRIC CLOCKS Regd.

PLUG IN TO GREENWICH TIME

The 'Last Word' in Precision Timekeeping

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SOLO

SOLO means REAL ORANGE JUICE

Remember this bottle —it's the shape of good things to come back

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NOW OBTAINABLE IN LIMITED SUPPLIES
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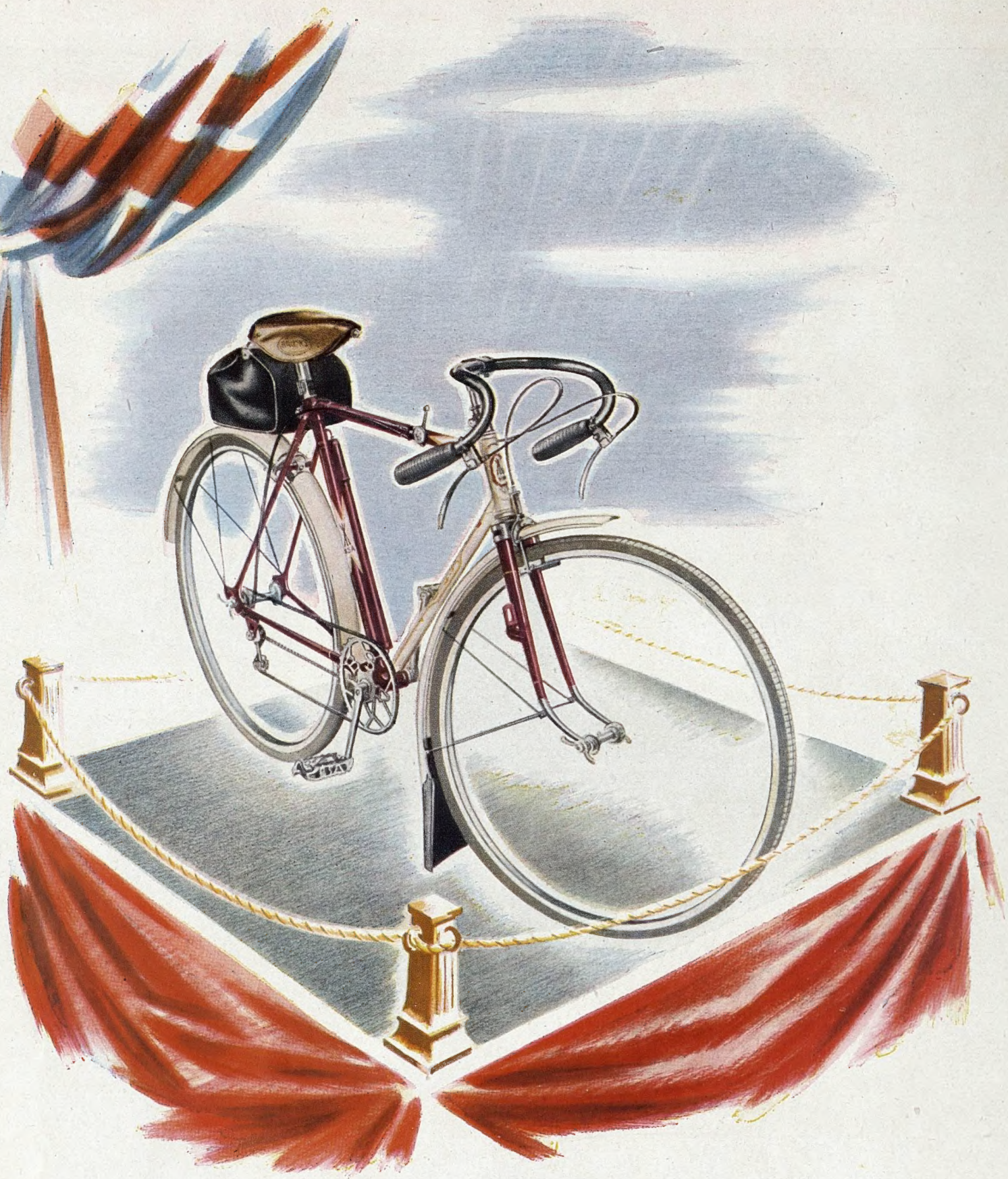
Announcement of CUSSONS SONS & CO. LTD., MANCHESTER



NO COMPARISON!

A coloured bicycle! Nothing very sensational in itself, but what a reminder of all we have learned to forget since the days of 1939. How good it looks! And yet it is just an ordinary pre-war B.S.A. of which thousands were on the road at the time, the pride of cycling enthusiasts.

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